Week ending September 21 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

BEGINS THIS WEEK

Mr. A to Z

The witty, behind-the-scenes story of TV's most famous stars

by ALAN MELVILLE

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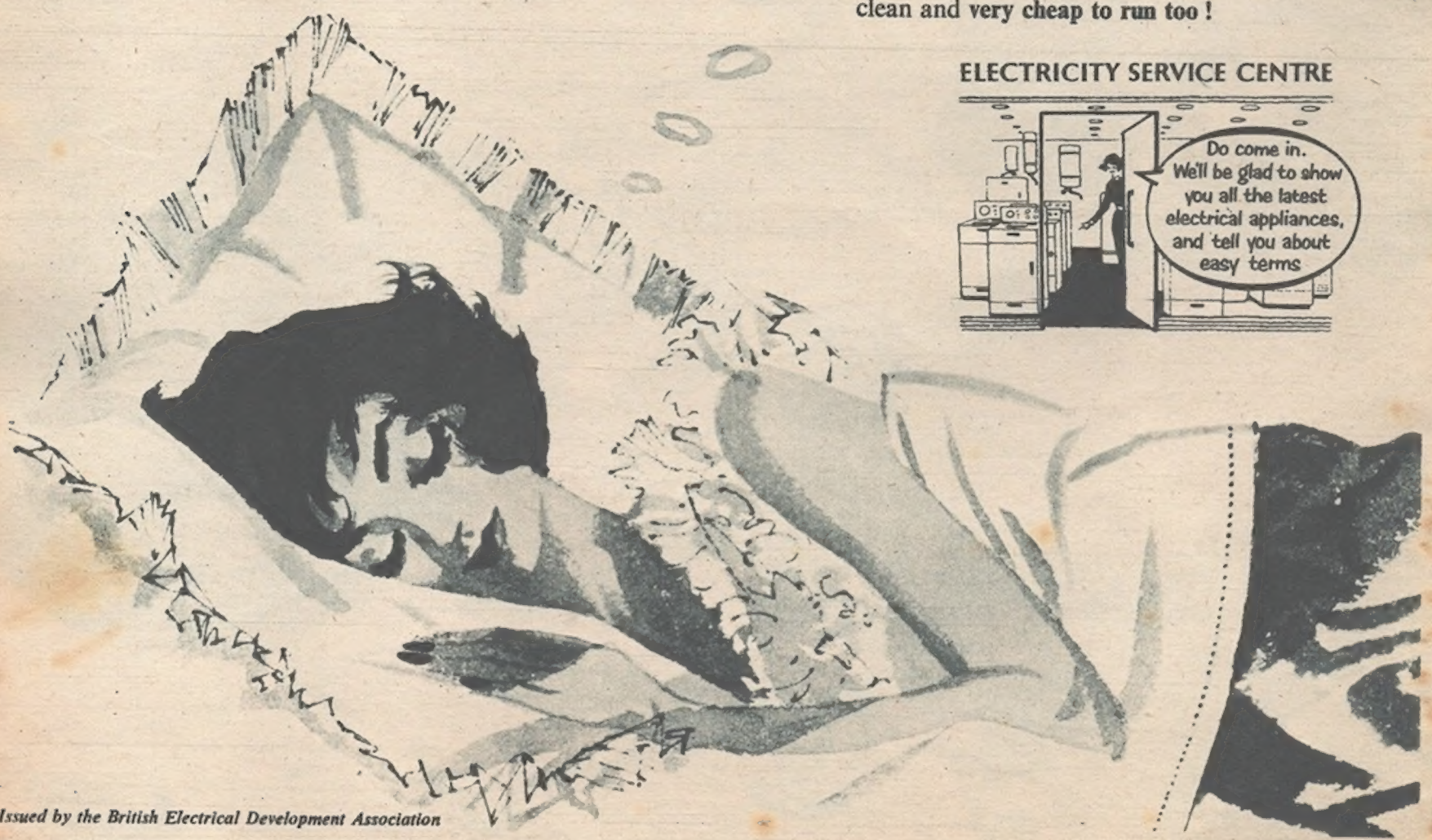

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Dancing with his wife is Breton Amis's new exercise

THE boyhood of Breton Amis was dominated by football, and it gave him the theme for his story, *Safe Hands*, which begins on page 10. He was left-wing for his prep. school and never missed a home match of Southend United, changing ends each half, like Tom in his story, to be behind his favourite goalkeeper.

Amis now lives in Bournemouth and has not played football for twenty years; he had to give up active sport when osteo-arthritis stiffened his spine. He gets his exercise by going for walks with his wife, who is also a writer.

Six months ago Amis discovered an even better exercise: ballroom dancing. He was sceptical when he started taking lessons, but now he is enthusiastic and, with his wife as his partner, he goes dancing at least once a week. He is hoping to win his first medal soon.

Dancing has killed none of Amis's sporting instincts, however. "It's surprising," he says, "just how quickly the old football tricks come back to you in a crowded ballroom."

FOR the final instalment of *A-Z*, Alan Melville's television series about show business, a troupe of Yugoslav dancers flew into London from Zagreb. After dancing in the show, they were asked to appear in the finale, the last act in a TV programme that has lasted a year. They agreed—until the band struck up with music from "No, No, Nanette." Solemnly they declared: "We cannot dance to Western music" . . . and for once in his life among show business people Melville was stumped for an answer.

When Melville was writing his play *Dear Charles*, he left his flat behind the Prince's Theatre in London and for three summer months lived in the seaside home of a friend at Brighton. "I was determined never to return to living in London," he says. So he bought a house in Brighton. He finds it ideal for his writing work—*Mister A to Z*, which begins on page 7, was written there—making hasty trips to London, racegoing at Sussex's delightful courses, slipping into the county cricket ground at Hove for the play after tea. "And, of course, not far away lives Gilbert Harding."

One evening recently Melville and Harding waited for their train to Brighton. "All around," says Melville, "I heard voices: 'Look, there's Gilbert Harding' . . . 'Good old Gilbert' and so on. Gilbert, of course, was beginning to bristle."

Suddenly a train drew in at a neighbouring platform. From the restaurant car a man rather the worse for drink staggered over to Harding and declared: "Harding, I don't like your socks."

"Gilbert towered over him and demolished him with one unprintable word that could be heard all over Victoria Station," says Melville. "I know. By the time it was uttered I was far away at the other end of the platform."

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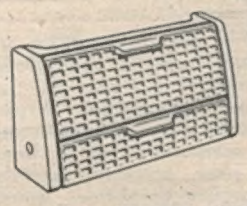

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Free Speech

- **Are Continental women unfeminine?**
- **Smashing bottles to bless the bride**
- **They spied on Britain—from an airship**

To the Continentals the Englishwoman is a laughing stock; she is supposed to wear terrible clothes, sexless perfumes and to be a dull, gawky bluestocking.

I've just spent a fortnight at a holiday camp for French and Italians and I consider that *their* women are unfeminine, uninteresting and sexless.

They all wear black not because it's elegant but because it appears to stay clean longer; after three days even the headiest Parisian perfume begins to turn sour, and it's not pleasant to see hundreds of women, fat and fortyish, cavorting on a beach in bikinis. If an Englishwoman has a bad shape she's feminine enough to wear a skirt.

And the much-vaunted Continental gaiety is composed of coarseness, loudness, bad manners and childishness. The things that amuse French and Italian girls wouldn't raise a smile at a Christmas party for backward children in Britain.

There's one thing to be said for holidays abroad: they certainly make British men appreciate the girls back home.—A. E., London, W.C.2.

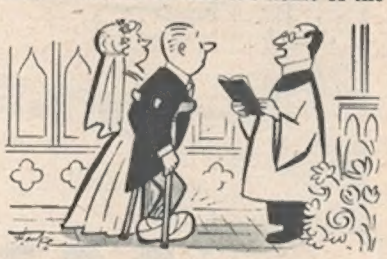
Speed Patrol

Volunteer patrols helping our inadequate police force to watch danger spots on the roads would be one way to discourage speeding motorists. I am sure that many fathers of small children would be only too willing to put on armbands or carry flags for a few hours each week to make our roads safer. — ARTHUR CHRISTMAS, Shelley Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

Shattered Blessings

When I saw children and adults smashing bottles outside the front door of a flat in Germany I was surprised that there was no protest from the occupants.

Then I learned that I had witnessed an old German custom. On the eve of a wedding it is the practice of the bride's friends to visit the home of the



bridegroom and lay a carpet of glass round the doors to prevent him from "running-out" on his bride.—CRAFTSMAN T. J. LAWLEY, R.E.M.E., Germany.

"This is a variation of an old North German tradition that broken fragments bring luck," says the German Tourist Information Service. "Friends wishing to bring blessings upon the inhabitants of a house will smash glass, porcelain, earthenware and similar breakables against its walls."

Elusive Averages

The two leading bowlers in our local cricket team were ending the season neck and neck having both taken twenty-eight wickets for sixty runs. Everyone expected the outcome to be settled when, in the final match, one bowler took four wickets for thirty-six runs and his rival one for twenty-seven. Then someone discovered that they both had averages of one for three. We are still trying to puzzle out *why*.—J. G. BALSAM, Middle Road, Kingswood, Bristol.

"That word 'average' is the culprit," says a mathematician. "It's really a matter of the rate of wickets taken per run scored. The first bowler's rate dropped sharply compared with his previous performances; the second man's dropped even more sharply but for less time as measured in runs. Look at it this way. Had both bowlers taken one for twenty-seven—bringing their season's averages to one for three—one of them could go on to take three for nine and still fail to improve his average."

Spineless Parents

The most terrifying aspect of our terrifying age is not, as T. F. of Chigwell suggests, the TV menace of "Cry baby cry! *Make* mother buy!" ("Free Speech," August 24) but

spineless parents who give in to children when they know it to be wrong.

Then, having made a thoroughly bad job of bringing up their families, they proceed to blame the state, church, schools or youth clubs upon which they had shed their responsibilities.—MRS. MARGERY ROBINSON, High Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

Doubtful Risk

One day recently I needed to hire a car to meet a last-minute out-of-town engagement for my dance band. To my astonishment, however, the car hire people said that although they would be willing to hire me a car I shouldn't be able to get insurance cover. I missed my engagement as a result.—R. W., Birmingham.

"Hire cars are so open to abuse that we would want to know a great deal about a certain type of casual customer before quoting a premium rate," says an insurance company. "Our statistics show that we have to be wary of theatre, cinema or music hall proprietors and members of the theatrical or variety professions in general; employees at licensed premises; bookmakers and other people connected with racing; undergraduates and students. And when such people insure their own cars they are usually charged higher premiums than people we consider to be 'normal risks'."

Pilchards Please

The Cornish fishing industry is trying to interest Russia in pilchards, but I'm surprised that they don't look nearer home. When in Cornwall I ate filleted pilchards fried in breadcrumbs and found them a delicious change. I would certainly buy them if they were obtainable in the North. —MRS. C. M. BAILEY, Leeds, 8.

"Mrs. Bailey will be lucky to get fresh pilchards outside Cornwall," says a fisheries expert. "Unfortunately they don't travel well because they are so oily, and those exported to Russia would be packed in salt. The thriving export of salted pilchards to Italy reached a postwar peak of 28,811 cwt. in 1948 but it had dropped to only 2,385 cwt. by 1955. Cornish fishermen caught 118,920 cwt. of pilchards worth a total of £189,800 last year. So most of these will be canned."

Aerial Spy

Your story of the ill-fated airship R.101 ("The Millionth Chance," by James Leasor, August 17) took me back to my childhood days of 1939. Just before bedtime a German airship came roaring overhead, the only one I had ever seen close up.

There were rumours that it was spying, but the Germans said that it had been blown off course. What *did* happen that night?—F. R. PITT, West Hoathly, Sussex.

According to captured German documents, their newest airship—sister ship of the famous Graf Zeppelin which had crossed the Atlantic 144 times—flew up the East Coast during her flight trials in 1939 to find out whether Britain had a radar system. The Germans would have been surprised at the extent of the network had their detection equipment not failed to work properly. Both airships were dismantled in 1940 and the metal melted down to help the German war effort.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

AT this time of the year one expects to have the beach to oneself; for most people the annual trip to the seaside is already a memory in a photograph album. But Father in Batchelor's cover picture is beginning to think he might just as well have joined the nine million who took their holiday last month. Let's hope Mother will be more understanding. Perhaps she realizes that the boys are only trying to get fit for football . . . or for the even more serious business of racing to school when they're late on some dark, wintry morning.

Here's far easier polishing...

and a richer shine than you ever got by rubbing

GONE ARE THE DAYS when polishing your home meant a lot of rub-rub-rubbing ! Now, with Johnson's modern polishes — Pride for furniture, Hard Gloss Glo-Coat for floors — you can get a richer, deeper shine than ever before . . . without any rubbing at all ! A longer-lasting shine, that protects your furniture and floors for weeks against all the marks and smears of everyday wear.

Lovelier homes . . . more leisure with Johnson's modern polishes

FURNITURE POLISHED IN SECONDS!

Simply wipe Pride on—and let it dry. The white haze that quickly forms tells you Pride's exclusive blend of waxes and super-silicones is doing the work for you. Wipe off the haze — *and there's your shine!*

JOHNSON'S Pride with DUROSIL* *SUPER-SILICONE

FLOORS POLISH THEMSELVES!

There's nothing to touch Johnson's Hard Gloss Glo-Coat for getting a glowing shine on modern floors (Marley, Accotile, Semastic, etc.). Wonderful for linoleum too. All you do is spread Hard Gloss Glo-Coat — *and leave it.* It soon dries to a brilliant, long-lasting shine.

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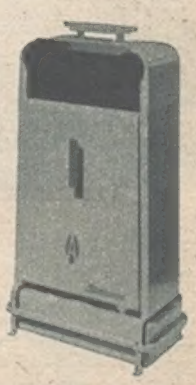

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The witty, behind-the-scenes story of TV's most famous stars

Mister A to Z

by ALAN MELVILLE

THE first time I arrived at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, for *What's My Line?* the stage doorkeeper was talking gloomily to a friend. "Never be the same without old Gilbert on the panel," he was saying. (I was taking old Gilbert's place while he acted as chairman instead of Eamonn Andrews.) "Evening, sir," said the doorkeeper. "Name, please? Oh. . . ."

He gave me the key of No. 8, and for half an hour I sat trembling and alone, staring at my unphotogenic face in an enormous mirror. I could hear Barbara Kelly's horse laugh in No. 7 and Lady Barnett's dignified tra-la-la-ing in No. 9. Then the producer, Leslie Jackson ("Jacko"), bounced in, slapped me on the back, assured me that it was just like falling off a log, added: "You'll never guess the girl in the blue dress, so play her for laughs," and left.

A very pretty, fair girl looked in, said "Goodness, you *do* perspire!" and went out again. She turned out later to be in charge of make-up. A breezy production assistant followed her in, said his name was Ronnie and not to worry and it was just like falling off a log. He then said: "Come to Hospitality and meet the others." I cheered up slightly at the word Hospitality, but I would still rather have been falling off a log.

"Nothing to it, honey," said Miss Kelly, downing a large Scotch. "Just lean back and enjoy yourself and take the cheque."

"I have a little list," said Lady Barnett, sipping a small gin-and-tonic. "Even after all these years, I find it helps. You know: stock questions. Is it a service? Is there an end product? Could I do it? Do you work indoors, outdoors, alone, with other people? And, of course, transport."

"Transport?" I echoed. By now I was shaking so badly I had to put my glass down.

"Transport *always* comes into it," said Lady B. "Does the challenger work on land, sea, in the air; travel by bus, car, Tube, train and so on. Once we had a missionary who went everywhere by yak sleigh. He was very awkward. Talking about being awkward, have you met Gilbert and Bob Monkhouse?"

Messrs. Harding and Monkhouse were at this time alleged to be at the very height of a deadly vendetta. I quite expected the knives to be out. Instead, there was an uneasy atmosphere of strained politeness.

"Brother Monkhouse," said Gilbert with

Gilbert Harding—"still TV's biggest name"—lives at Brighton, and is a frequent caller at Melville's home

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Melville (second left) created *Front Line Family*, the B.B.C.'s first domestic serial. After fifteen months of writing an instalment a day he joined the R.A.F.

The *Sweet and Low* revues, with Hermione theatre success. He now has three new

a beam. "You were very funny indeed last Tuesday. Never better."

"Gee, thanks, Gilbert," said Bob, dimpling. "I thought you were wonderful on Friday."

What with my nerves, Lady Barnett's list and all this false *bonhomie*, I was almost relieved when somebody said five minutes, everybody on-stage, please, and not to worry. Oddly enough, one of the first challengers was a logger. I didn't guess him.

The regular *What's My Line?* team—Gilbert, Bob, Isobel and Barbara, with Eamonn Andrews —have long been established TV personalities. Considering the amount of programme material churned out week after week on both B.B.C. and Independent TV, there are surprisingly few others. I mean real *television* personalities—not stars like Arthur Askey or Mr. Pastry, who have successfully transferred their talents from one medium to another.

Oddly enough, panel games and puppet shows seem to breed them more readily than light entertainment or drama. Mortimer Wheeler, Glyn Daniel and Professor Bodkin have become star personalities through *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral;* Jeremy Hawk is a national figure now because of *Criss Cross Quiz;* and since he became a regular performer on that little box in the corner of your sitting-room, Sooty has made a sizeable fortune for Harry Corbett.

The biggest personality of the lot is undoubtedly Harding. Even when he is in a subdued mood or off form there is the exhilarating possibility that at any moment he may cease to be subdued and come back bang on form. He lives round the corner from me in Brighton—a charming neighbour, although at times for the sake of the other neighbours I have to shut the windows when he is letting off steam.

He may call himself a "telephoney," but the fact remains that, after much meandering in other fields, Gilbert has found his perfect pasturage in front of the TV cameras. You may be irritated and infuriated by him, but at least you can't ignore him. And there seem to me a great many people appearing on TV whom it is sadly easy to ignore.

TV is a frightening, fascinating medium. For the performer it combines all the worst features of the theatre, the films and sound radio—plus a whole host of horrors of its own. If you stop for a moment to think of all the distractions and absurdities which surround you in the studio you're sunk.

In a way, I suppose, it's like acting in a pantomime. I once watched Dorothy Ward start to climb that beanstalk wearing a dark-green jerkin and mauve tights. In the next scene, having reached the top of the beanstalk, she was clad from head to foot in shining armour. When I asked her afterwards who had been responsible for changing her entire ensemble halfway up the beanstalk, she said: "The fairies, you *fool*!"—and, what's more, meant it.

That's what you have to do all the time on TV: mean it. If you don't believe with absolute sincerity in everything you do, that tell-tale camera lens gives the whole show away. The tongue-in-cheek attitude, the gush, the looking-down-the-nose, the don't-let's-bother-tonight approach—none has a chance on this menace of a medium.

Not long ago, in *A—Z*, I interviewed that sprightly octogenarian, Ada Reeve. Just before the interview began, Ada gazed round at the three cameras bearing down on her, at the battery of lights, the boom microphones and the twenty or more technicians standing by for just this one item in the show. "What a lot of *palaver*," she whispered, "for one old woman!" But the instant she was "on vision" she talked naturally and sincerely—not to the cameras and the mikes—but to me. I wish all interviewees could be as natural.

What's My Line? was the first light-entertainment show I did on TV. (*The Brains Trust* comes under Talks, and in B.B.C. circles the Talks boys and the Light Entertainment boys do not acknowledge each other's existence, except to hiss.)

At the moment, to the delight of the critics, the

FIVE "BRAINS TRUST" FACES THAT MELVILLE REMEMBERS VIVIDLY

Lady Violet Bonham Carter —"the most fascinating"

Sir Solly Zuckerman—"the most terrified"

Margery Fry—"the most charming"

Marghanita Laski—"the most self-assured"

Lord David Cecil—"the most amusing"

Gingold, gave Melville his first London musicals awaiting West End production

Coral Browne played in *Jonathan*—"the best thing I've written," says Melville. It lasted less than three weeks

The comedy *Simon and Laura* poked fun at television and was one of Melville's biggest hits—as a play and film

"Line" is being rested; but, no doubt to these same gentlemen's fury, it will be back on the air on October 5. In spite of all the abusive adjectives hurled at it—stale, played out, dull, has-been—it remains one of the public's favourite programmes.

Even when people disapprove of what happens on it, they seem to enjoy being able to disapprove. My barber used to get worked up into a dreadful state because, so he maintained, Eamonn Andrews was unfair to the panel. "Just let him walk in here, sir, and ask for a shave," he once announced. "I'd give him certificate!"

The game, incidentally, *is* played on the level: no advance information or tipping off. At least it was whenever I was on it—with one exception. That was when Jack Benny was the Guest Celebrity. Mr. Benny arrived with a small posse of scriptwriters, publicity men and general hangers-on, and we were all given our orders.

"We gotta great gimmick, see?" said the head hanger-on. "None of you guess who it is, see, and even when you take off your masks you still don't recognize the guy, get it?"

We each said that we got it, but inwardly none of us thought the gimmick all that great. When it came to the big moment, the carefully planned non-recognition act came across as just what it was—phoney. Insincerity again.

I hope that in talking about hospitality I haven't given the impression that before every television programme some sort of bacchanalian orgy takes place. Because it doesn't. B.B.C. hospitality, when it exists at all (which isn't often), usually consists of a half-bottle of Scotch, a bottle of gin and an assortment of minerals to cover both steadying the nerves before the show and celebrating after it.

And by the time Bob Monkhouse has brought along Denis Goodwin, and Barbara Kelly and Isobel Barnett have brought their husbands, and Gilbert has brought anything up to half a dozen friends, and the producer has brought his assistant, his secretary, various odd B.B.C. officials and one or two gentlemen of the press, there really isn't a great deal to go round.

It is, however, a pleasant and often helpful custom, started early in the second World War by J. B. Priestley. Priestley was broadcasting two or three times a week to Canada and the States on the B.B.C.'s North American Service, and doing so—because of the difference in time between our countries—at the most ghastly hours of the morning. The blitz was starting up in earnest and he had to spend the night at Broadcasting House. After a few evenings of misery, he struck. "Unless there's a bottle of whisky provided to see me through the night," said J. B., "no broadcast."

After considerable discussion at a high level, Priestley won his point and what is still known as B.B.C. Official Hospitality was born. Every time I have one on Broadcasting House, I raise a grateful glass to the author of *The Good Companions*.

My own line, to begin with, was that of a joiner. My family have a timber business in Berwick-on-Tweed, and when I left school they had all the usual irritating ideas about starting at the bottom. I therefore served my five years' joiners' apprenticeship, beginning at 7s. 6d. a week—and to prove it, what's more, I still have the scars where the chisel kept slipping. The joiner to whom I was apprenticed hated my guts, and for the first two years wouldn't let me do anything except boil the glue.

I think it was the frustration of this that set me on to writing. At any rate, before I was twenty—to everyone's astonishment, including my own—I had a novel published. It was a whodunit and pretty terrible, but it got into the sixpenny paper-backed edition and made more money than I could have amassed in a quarter-century of glue boiling.

On the strength of this I asked the family for a rise, was refused it and walked out. It caused a great scandal and I don't think I was really forgiven until quite recently when I became chairman of *The Brains Trust*. The family seemed to think that, in spite of having got mixed up with show business, one must be fairly

Continued on page 35

Melville's fortnightly television show *A-Z* ran for nearly a year. In the W edition he introduced Godfrey Winn and Elisabeth Welch

Safe Hands

by ***BRETON AMIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES WOOD

A man in the home . . . that was what Susan needed; someone who would stop young Tom skipping away to see that hero of his

TOM WESTBURY was a thief. Pushing back two loose boards, he had nipped into the grocer's yard, stolen an empty soda-water siphon and taken it round the corner where the girl at the off-licence had paid him five shillings for it.

Now he was on his way to the football match, his small, freckled face flushed with triumph and guilt, his fair, tow-like hair still prickly with fear.

Tom had committed his first crime. His mother was to blame, for withholding the pocket-money he had to have if he was to see the Albion play the Rovers. He never missed a league match, let alone a cup-tie. His hero was Eddie Oatman, who had been the Albion's promising young goalie before Tom was born and was now a battered six foot three, flat footed, with hands like two bunches of over-ripe bananas.

To earn his weekly half-crown Tom had to clean the shoes, run the errands, and fill a

The dog barked furiously . . . a door opened. This was it, thought Tom. This was the bad end skimpers and thieves came to

large bin with firewood chopped on Saturday mornings from boxes he fetched from the grocer's.

Today it had been a race against time, because he had to reach the ground early enough to get a place on the rails. And he had to be at the back of the goal so that he could cheer on his hero for half the match.

He watched Eddie Oatman more often than he did the play. Propped against an upright, arms crossed, legs crossed, Eddie looked likely to drop off to sleep at any moment, but at the first alarm he'd be on his toes, narrowing the angle from which danger could come, tensed for the tigerish pounce that had the crowd yelling. . . .

Tom had hacked at wood that seemed full of nails and knots held together by strips of tin. The chopper was blunt and there were two more errands to run. When he heard the hall clock strike twelve, he stuffed some empty corn-flake cartons into the bin and piled some sticks on top, faking it to look full. Then he hid the rest of the wood, to be done after school on Monday.

Moving the bin to make room for the mangle, his mother found it light in weight. She called Tom from the meal he was bolting and told him that his pocket-money wouldn't be forthcoming.

"Start by skimping jobs, and you'll end as a slacker and a no-good," she warned him.

In the five years since her husband's death, Susan Westbury had kept a decent home going for Tom and his younger sister, Nancy. They were good children, although Tom had reached the age when he needed a man's hand. She tried to be strict, but fair.

Later she relented and would have given him the money, but Tom had gone to follow the match from the outside, by the shouts of the crowd. At least, that was what he told Nancy. On the way to the ground he had the idea.

He knew the two boards were loose because they swung when he rattled a stick along the fence. He had seen the empty siphons while collecting boxes for chopping, and had heard customers grumbling about the five-shilling deposit.

Admission to the ground had been raised to four shillings for the cup-tie, boys half-price. With five shillings he could take his friend Ginger, who was always broke. . . .

He called for Ginger, who never asked questions about money. Sharing with him seemed to make it less of a crime. He wished he could brag about his cleverness, but there was too much noise at the ground, where the town's silver band was playing and supporters wearing black and white rosettes kept swinging rattles. A real comic turn in a black and white top hat was dribbling a balloon into the goal where Eddie Oatman would soon be making his spectacular saves. . . .

Tom and Ginger had attached themselves like limpets to the rails behind the goal the Albion would choose to defend if they won the toss. Two packets of salted peanuts had taken the last of Tom's stolen shillings.

"Bet we beat 'em ten-one," Ginger prophesied.

"Oatman won't let one through," said Tom —but without his usual conviction, because he was wondering what his mother would say if she knew. A skimped job had made him a slacker; a theft made him a no-good. If it *was* theft. In the summer he and Ginger found empty pop-bottles on the common and got threepence each for them at the shop. His mother said that was all right. And the siphon had been empty.

The Albion team trotted on, Eddie Oatman punting the ball down to their goal. Oatman passed the ball to a wing forward who sent in a stinger which Oatman only just managed to tip over the bar. He came round the net to collect the ball—and winked at Tom.

For that wink, Tom felt, he would have gone to prison for years. It would be something to remember if he did.

The match started and Tom lost himself in his usual dream. He was playing left back, covering for Eddie, wrecking repeated Rover attacks. Twice Eddie had said: *Thanks, Tom.* Then a Rover winger broke through, forcing a corner off the rather weak right back. Eddie did his famous dive, but was unsighted. The ball found the Rovers' centre unmarked, with an open goal. He shot straight and hard but, as from nowhere, a figure came leaping, higher and higher, his head nodding the ball neatly down to the right back. *Saved again,* panted Eddie. *You and me could lick the lot, Tom. . . .*

"Goal!" Tom came out of his dream to find the Albion one down. Oatman was hooking the ball from the net. Someone shouted, "Wake up, Eddie!" and Tom glared, but someone else said: "He's getting a bit long in the tooth, is Eddie."

Oatman leaned philosophically against a post, thinking of his next benefit and the tobacco-and-sweets shop where he'd sit cosily behind the counter reading the results. He was thirty-four and his feet ached. . . .

After the change of ends the Albion equalized, and went ahead. A three-one win put them in the next round and Tom, swarming on to the pitch with other boys, got another autograph from his hero. Eddie grinned at him. "What do you swap 'em for?" he asked, but he walked away without waiting for an answer.

Ginger wanted his tea. He went off with a brief "See you Monday." It was then that Tom remembered that he was a thief, and also that he would have to go home. His mother would ask about the match because she'd be sorry she'd stopped his pocket-money, and she'd say she was taking him and Nancy to the pictures as a treat. Perhaps she'd look tired, as she often did at the end of the week, her grey eyes smiling to tell him he was forgiven for skimping.

Tom worked himself into a temper by pretending it was her fault he was a thief, but it didn't last. Then he thought that, if he went home with his mind still full of pictures of the match, he'd be sure to trap himself by saying something like, "I got another autograph from Eddie Oatman," or, "The ball knocked out one of the photographers."

He'd stay out . . . so late that his mother would be angry and pack him off to bed without any supper or questions.

For an hour he wandered among the Saturday crowds, wishing he hadn't stood Ginger the peanuts. Sixpence would buy a large bag of chips from the fish shop, and he was ravenous. For half a crown he could have a real feed at one of the tables.

If he took another siphon, just one, he would have five shillings. It had been so easy, and now it was dark it would be easier still.

He tried to excuse himself. He remembered his mother saying that he had bad days. This was one of those, and it couldn't be helped. Eddie Oatman had his bad days, too, when the crowd told him all the things he had done wrong. . . .

Tom found himself in the alley. It was like a tunnel with a gleam of light at each end. He swung the loose boards on their nails and slipped into the yard. His fingers had just closed over the lever of a siphon when a low, menacing growl froze him.

He had forgotten Bunce, the grocer's sulky bull terrier. The dog occasionally lurched into the shop like a bully looking for a fight, and had obviously been turned loose in the yard for an evening prowl.

Tom daren't move. The dog was standing, with its powerful rump against the loose boards, watching him with one black lip wrinkled to give a glint of white teeth. It was breathing loudly. After a time it sat down, still staring at Tom.

The cold began to bite into him. When he

Eddie made quite a speech to Susan—all about finding Tom too scared to go home

took his hand from the siphon, the dog growled. His stomach quivered and his legs felt weak. The grocer told everyone the dog was as good as gold, as good as a policeman in the house—"Won't get friendly with anyone."

Tom believed it, but he couldn't stay there all night. He looked desperately round him. Stacked against a side fence, away from the dog, were some empty crates. If he could climb them, he could drop into the side street and, with luck, get away.

He slid his feet, inch by inch. The dog stood up, bristling. With a bound Eddie Oatman might have envied, Tom was on the crates, but his numbed fingers wouldn't grip the fence and he slithered down, bringing the crates with him.

The dog barked furiously. A door opened, sending a beam of white light across the yard. Tom closed his eyes and tried to pray. This was it. This was the bad end skimpers and thieves came to. . . .

"Bunce!" Someone was calling. "Bunce, come on in."

The dog padded indoors without a glance. The beam of light was cut off by the door being closed. Tom stood up, feeling very sick. His hand was bleeding and, in his haste to squeeze through the boards, he ripped a pocket of his jacket wide open.

He was safe, but he couldn't go home—not with his coat torn and his hand bleeding. He wrapped a grubby handkerchief round the scratch and wondered whether to stow away in the back of a lorry as Ginger once had, or go to the station and jump on a train. But boys were caught and brought back by policemen, like Ginger had been. If he was taken home, he would have to confess to his mother that he was a thief twice over, and she wouldn't punish him because she would be too upset. It

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At the end of an English summer, oyster catchers leave on a migratory flight. Their brilliant navigation will ensure safe arrival

What is the mystery behind migration?

by ERIC SIMMS

Thousand-mile trips to winter sunshine—that is Nature's great gift to birds. And man looks on in baffled wonder

ONE morning in September a few years ago, I walked to the top of Dollis Hill in north-west London, from which a fine view stretches in every direction. The morning was cool with some cloud, there was a light south-easterly breeze and visibility was excellent. At ten minutes to seven I saw a single meadow-pipit flying south-west at a height of eighty feet. During the next half hour I counted fifty-eight other pipits, forty-three skylarks, forty swallows and a few chaffinches and greenfinches, all making their way across London.

This was not an exceptional sight. I went to Dollis Hill merely because it is a convenient place to make observations. In late summer and autumn migrant birds can be seen on the move almost everywhere in Britain. Some of them come down to feed and rest and may remain for several hours. I have seen blackcaps and whitethroats in the bushes, wheatears on the grass and common sandpipers on the edges of lakes in city parks.

In early August, willow warblers come to the philadelphus tree in my London garden. Song-thrushes, rooks, jackdaws, house-martins, starlings and lapwings can be seen flying over Broadcasting House in the heart of London. They are all taking part in one of Nature's greatest mysteries—migration.

True migration has a regularity and a definite quality of direction which results in the complete emptying of one territory in favour of another. Its essential character is well illustrated by the movements of the swallow. About the middle of March, the first swallows arrive in Britain from their wintering quarters in Africa. They breed in our northern, more temperate zone, and then in autumn fly back to African lands south of the equator, where they enjoy a second summer. But they make no attempt to breed there, despite the fact that it is the nesting season for birds native to that part. There is something weighty and purposeful in this seasonal shift of population, which distinguishes true migration from other bird movements, such as the random dispersal of young seabirds from their birthplaces, or the spasmodic eruptions of waxwings to new areas after a failure in the food supply.

In true migration, some remarkable journeys are achieved. The bristle-thighed curlew, an American species which breeds on a limited strip of the Alaskan coast, flies 6,000 miles to Tahiti to spend the winter. Such a trip involves unbroken sea crossings of some 2,000 miles—an astonishing navigational feat. The American golden plover may travel as much as 2,400 miles over the Atlantic from North America, where it breeds, to its wintering quarters by the Orinoco River in Venezuela.

I remember in May, 1942, a male snow-bunting, only a little larger than a sparrow, alighting on a ship in which I was travelling across the Atlantic. The nearest land was the isolated mass of Rockall, 575 miles to the east. Kap Farvel in Greenland, the tip of Iceland and the west coast of Ireland were all some 700 miles away. The snow-bunting remained for half an hour and then went off in the direction of Spain.

There are many other instances of birds making long and successful journeys, and their navigational abilities are established beyond doubt. But how they do it remains a baffling secret.

Over the years, a great deal of information

On one September day Simms counted 1,167 migrating birds flying over the Cotswolds

Pink foot geese are rounded up for ringing. By marking the birds observers can record all the details about the migratory flights

A group of south-bound shore birds rests on a rock. Observers think that some birds fix their flying direction by the sun or stars

about migration has been collected. For centuries watchers in many parts of the world have noted the times of arrival and departure of different birds, and from the collected information it has been possible to draw maps showing the rate of spread of a particular species. In this way it was found that the spring migration of the swallow stretched across Europe from February 13 at Gibraltar to June 2 at Varanger in Norway—2,500 miles covered by the birds in 109 days.

By trapping birds and ringing them before they are released, and marking birds with distinctive dyes so that they can be picked out in a flock, we have learned a lot more about where and when the birds go, and how long they take to get there. But these methods have not solved the deeper problems which the mystery of bird-migration poses. How does a migrant know the correct direction in which to fly? How does the bird, having established a direction, maintain it? How does it recognize its ultimate goal? In attempting to answer these questions we have to turn to experiment.

In those species such as the cuckoo, where the young birds migrate independently and later than the old ones, the young birds seem to be gifted with an inherited sense of direction. Many experiments have been made by trapping and marking birds while they are migrating and then removing them to an area which is strange to them and through which they would not normally pass. On release, the birds continued to migrate from the release point in the same direction as was being followed by birds passing over the trapping point. They thus established a course parallel to the normal one, and finally reached winter quarters outside their usual area.

It was also noted that the displaced birds flew more or less the same distance from the release point as the remainder of the birds had flown from the trapping point. The implication is that the length of the migratory journey is influenced by internal factors in the bird, so that the goal reached is dependent upon the length of time for which this internal "drive" operates. The study of caged migrants has shown that the migratory impulse is relatively short lived, and it is probably the die-away of the drive, together with the recognition of suitable conditions, which tells the bird when it is at the end of its journey.

The displacement of older birds, which have already made one migration and returned, produces very different results. These birds have a strong tendency to ignore the standard direction and make corrections to their course which will take them to their normal goal. In one American experiment, 440 ducks were displaced from their usual route through the Mississippi Valley and taken to the coast, where they were released. Ninety of them were later recovered and, of these, seventy-nine were found in the neighbourhood of the Mississippi.

All this leaves unanswered the question of how the bird can fix and maintain the direction of its flight. Dr. G. V. T. Matthews of the Wildfowl Trust has suggested that it uses the sun-arc—the apparent path of the sun in the sky. This arc varies in different parts of the world and is highest at the equator and lowest at the poles. Matthews's theory is that a bird migrating south, say, can compare the position of the sun at any time of the day with the position of the sun at that time when it is in Britain. If the sun appeared to be lower in the sky, the bird would know that it was travelling in the wrong direction.

Migration does, however, take place at night. Indeed, many of our small and comparatively weak migrants travel at night for greater safety, although during the rest of their lives they are entirely diurnal in their habits. The study of night migration is extremely difficult and we know little about how the birds orientate themselves. Matthews suggested that the direction of the night's flight could be determined from the sun during the day or at about sunset and maintained throughout the hours of darkness by some general guidance from the moon and star pattern. Dr. Franz Sauer of Freiburg claims that some grasshoppers find their way at night by means of the stars, and perhaps some birds have an inherited knowledge of certain constellations and so carry out a form of astro-navigation.

In one of Sauer's experiments, a blackcap in a planetarium during March was confronted with an artificial night sky accurate for March but projected at an angle different from that of the true sky. The blackcap took up a position which was correct for its migration in relation to the artificial sky, even though it would have been totally wrong outside the planetarium. This seems to show that it could have been guided only by the star pattern which it could see.

There have been other similar experiments which have given results too consistent and regular to have been produced fortuitously, but we do not yet know what are the vital guiding features. If exact star patterns are involved, the birds must possess some mechanism to allow for the steady movement of the fixed stars.

The redwing is a typical night migrant, and every October and November I hear its calls over London. One October evening I counted more than five hundred calls over a period of two hours from migrant redwings passing in the darkness over the city. The extent of nocturnal migration can sometimes be seen at lighthouses, where the birds are attracted by the beams, and the secret, mysterious flights of wading birds such as curlew, dunlin and greenshank can often be recognized, even above towns, by the calls that can be heard in the night sky.

Even our present meagre knowledge of night migration is sufficient to show that the "sun-arc" and other theories of bird travel are incomplete, since many birds are undoubtedly capable of navigating without the sun. But we know more of day migration. Much of it takes place on a "broad front" extending for great distances.

Coasts, valleys, rivers or ranges of hills may produce a narrowing of the front into a route or fly-line. In one day on the coast of Lincolnshire I have seen more than five thousand meadow pipits moving along the line between sea and land. But such a figure is dwarfed by some of the observations on the Continent. On October 7, 1943, a total of 184,977 birds of thirty-two species were counted at Falsterbo in Sweden.

Some of these fly-lines are very old. For many years the Basque people of the Pyrenees have netted wood-pigeons, which fly south in autumn towards the Mediterranean through narrow passes. Birds have a directional trend in their migrations and tend to fly in a standard direction when over uniform country or the sea. When they reach certain topographical features, they tend to fly along the line of them in a narrow and concentrated stream. As soon as open, featureless country is reached the stream widens out again into a broad-front movement.

In 1948 my wife and I were living on a farm about seven miles from Stratford-on-Avon and close to the Cotswold Hills. The possibility of seeing bird migrants in autumn using an overland route across England from the Wash to the Severn had already occurred to me, but until then there was no evidence of such a fly-line across England. On July 24 I saw my first migrants over the farm — five black-headed gulls. Soon, small assemblies of chiffchaffs and willow-warblers appeared in the hedges around the farm. On September 5 I saw several parties of skylarks flying south-west over the farm towards the Cotswolds. During the rest of the month meadow-pipits, pied wagtails, greenfinches, goldfinches, chaffinches and yellowhammers joined the route. On September 21 I counted

Continued on page 35

New glamour for an old flame

by REX GRIZELL

In more than two thousand different shapes—floating, scented or carved by hand—the candle is creeping back

IN a world of electric, gas, neon, and fluorescent lighting the candlemaker's trade is booming. In four years one large London store has trebled its turnover in candles, and now sells £30,000 worth every year. Other big stores report similar leaps in the sales of all kinds of decorative candles.

"Higher living standards and the modern interest in all aspects of interior decoration have created an enormous market for coloured, sculptured, embossed, and scented candles," says John Miller, of Harrods. Ordinary housewives are following the lead of royal houses and great embassies in using candlelight for formal entertaining. "A housewife preparing dinner for her guests finds the soft light of candles soothing and flattering when she sits down with them," says a well-known interior decorator. Coloured candles are used regularly for the dining tables at Buckingham Palace and Windsor.

There are now more than two thousand different candles on the market. They include realistic imitations of fruits and flowers—oranges that smell of orange, sweet-scented roses, and floating water-lilies in six different colours. A woman who sent an imitation cactus candle in a pot to a friend received a letter some weeks later complaining that it did not seem to grow and gave no signs of flowering.

For children there are candle animals of all kinds—fairies, gnomes, and Father Christmases. For adults there is a complete range of wine and liqueur bottles. A hand-carved and coloured candle in the shape of Cleopatra's Needle can be bought for eighteen shillings. A candle figure of the Chinese Goddess of Mercy, sculptured by hand in Spain from pale green jade-like wax, is priced at nine guineas. A cheaper line from the same maker represents the Dogs of War, and costs six guineas.

THERE are candles with shades which automatically lower themselves as the candle burns; and there are cascade candles which form weird shapes like stalactites as the wax melts and cools.

Not all candle novelties are a success. When John Miller obtained a supply of candles specially embossed and painted to celebrate silver, gold and diamond wedding anniversaries, nobody bought them. "It seems that we are less sentimental as we grow older," he says. "I had to send them back."

Miller had more success with a Christmas candle for children. These candles are marked in twenty-four sections and are given to young children on December 1, with a book of twenty-four stories. Each night the candle is lit and a story is read; the story lasts just as long as the section burns. As the candle gets shorter each night, the child has a clear idea of the approach of Christmas.

Forty-six per cent of all coloured candles sold are red. This preference is general all over the country, except in the West End of London, where ivory is preferred.

Some people light their homes with candles from choice. A wealthy north-country tanner lights his mansion entirely with candles, although electricity is available. A bachelor interior decorator lights his Renaissance style apartment with Venetian candles twenty-eight inches tall.

A London firm which claims to have the largest candle business in the world produces twelve tons—or 350,000 candles—every working day. As well as domestic candles, Christmas tree candles, birthday cake candles, and many kinds of decorative candle, this firm produces a special candle for use in tropical climates.

It contains a high proportion of stearine which keeps the candle stiff at temperatures which would make a paraffin wax candle soft. Stearine candles have been taken on expeditions as a source of light and warmth and, in the last resort, they have even been used as supplementary rations. Scott took a ton of them on his 1911 Antarctic expedition, and some were eaten. They were also taken on Brigadier Sir John Hunt's 1953 Everest expedition, and on recent Antarctic voyages.

The same firm is the only one which makes the standard candle, specified by Act of Parliament, for the measurement of candlepower for scientific institutions. Standard candles are made from spermaceti, a fat obtained from the head cavity of the sperm whale. Spermaceti burns less brightly than paraffin wax, with the result that the ordinary candle is equal to about 1¼ candle power.

Candles date from the first century A.D. Wealthy Roman merchants used them to light their banquets; candlesticks have been found in the ashes at Pompeii, which was destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D.79. One form of Roman candle was produced by a method still in use today. The wick—in Roman times it was a roll of papyrus impregnated with sulphur—was repeatedly dipped into the melted tallow or wax, and the candle was slowly built up. Candles made in this way are called "dips" to distinguish them from candles made in moulds. They are sausage-shaped and are a traditional means of portable lighting in shipyards.

KING ALFRED devised a method of telling time by candles. The Saxon day was divided into six "tides" from dawn to dawn. The system of twenty-four equal hours in a day dates only from the invention of mechanical clocks in the mid-fourteenth century. King Alfred's candles burned for four hours each. A time-telling candle, marked from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., is lit every morning in the children's gallery of the Science Museum at South Kensington.

At the court of Louis XIV a candle was never re-lit. Candle ends were the perquisites of the ladies in waiting, who often made more from selling them than they were paid as members of the King's household.

The largest candle regularly made in Britain is six feet tall and four inches in diameter. Every year one is sent to the Slipper Chapel at the Roman Catholic Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham in Norfolk.

But this giant is a midget compared with a candle which has been continuously burning in a Texas department store since 1923. It was twelve feet high, and thirteen and a half feet round when lit, and it is timed to burn continuously for more than a thousand years.

The world's most expensive candle was that made as the Peace Candle for the United Nations Building in New York. It is a sixteen-foot taper, decorated with the flags of the United Nations, hand painted in oils. It is smokeless and dripless and, burned one day a year on United Nations anniversaries, it should last 2,000 years. The price was about twenty-five thousand dollars. THE END

A customer with nine guineas to burn could choose this hand-sculptured statuette of the Chinese Goddess of Mercy—the costliest candle stocked by a famous London store

There was nothing in this town for him except memories. Here Evelyn had loved and trusted him. Here he had promised her . . .

I will come back

by N. J. CRISP

HE still hated the town. Even after twenty-five years he hated it, starting with this gaunt mausoleum of a railway station, its girders still apparently unpainted; and deserted now but for a bored ticket collector and the half-dozen passengers who had got off the London train.

He passed through the barrier and into the forecourt. A man leaning on a battered taxi straightened up and said: "Mr. Carter, sir?"

"Yes."

"I was to meet you, sir."

Carter climbed into the taxi, his ill-humour growing. Charles Everest ought to have sent a decent car to meet him. He placed the item to Everest's account, and resolved to tighten the screw an extra couple of turns. The taxi swung into the main street which led down to the sea front. New names had gone up over some of the shops, but otherwise it looked much the same. Some of the shops were shuttered and closed, and only a few windswept figures were visible in the street.

"Bit early in the season yet, sir," said the driver over his shoulder. "We're not very busy."

Turning on to the promenade, the taxi met the full force of the wind and momentarily heeled sideways on its springs. Dashes of spray burst up from the shingle beach, and the dreary little hotels opposite seemed to have closed their eyes against the sting of the weather.

The restaurant would be round the next corner. Carter was surprised to find himself leaning forward anxiously. As if the place had any importance now! He said: "Stop here."

The driver said :"I was told to take you straight there, sir."

"Never mind that. I want some coffee."

Carter got out, and walked across the road, feeling, for the first time in many years, out of

place. His rolled umbrella, his sleek overcoat, his homburg hat, his outlook on life, didn't fit in this shabby dormitory of a town that lived for only a few weeks a year and hibernated annually like a dormouse.

The appearance of the restaurant was quite different, of course. Bits of bamboo ornamented the walls, and the lights were amazing conical shapes. But when he sat at the corner table in the window, the view seemed unchanged; a shelter, some benches, defeated-looking flower beds, and a corner of the pier.

He had looked out over this scene to avoid meeting Evelyn's eyes while he talked to her. Considering how many conversations he had taken part in since those far-off days, it was astounding how clear the words were in his mind.

"There's nothing in this town for me," he had said. "I've got to get out of it."

Even looking obstinately through the plate glass of the window, he was aware that her face had crumpled and fallen.

"I thought you had an offer——"

"I've been fired from two jobs. I should be fired from that one. I'm too fast for them. They're suspicious of me. No. I've got to get to London."

Evelyn said: "It will be strange without you. . . ."

There was no ring between them, but in the eyes of the town they were engaged. Carter held back from the final step. There seemed to be no hurry and, far from being established, he had as yet achieved nothing.

"It won't be long," he said awkwardly. "There's opportunity there. I'll be settled soon." He must say something else. "Then I'll come back for you."

Her fingers were soft, and her smile and her bright eyes reached into his heart. "It doesn't matter how long," she whispered, "if I know you're coming."

She was so obviously and so touchingly his that for a moment he wavered. Why not marry her first, then go to London, find some rooms, a job, send for her? But some reluctance, some caution, held him back. It would be better later on, when he had made money, gained a position.

"The thing is," he said, "I have to see someone tomorrow morning. I must leave tonight. This is the last time. For a while."

He had seen the tears of love, of deprivation, gather in her eyes, and looked away again, out of the window, at the shelter, the benches, the pier.

It had not been easy leaving her. They had said farewell in the shadow of the station. Evelyn had said: "I'll think about you all the time."

"It won't be very long. I will come back for you. . . ."

CARTER pitched some money on the table and strode out into the wind. This was the first time he had returned to the town since that day. He climbed into the cab, and it turned in along the suburban streets.

It was this reincarnation of Evelyn that he had dreaded, that had made him seriously consider not coming. But it was his invariable custom to handle the final stages of a take-over himself. His staff would have thought it odd, and he himself would have had to admit openly his reason to himself.

So he had come, and he still hated the dreary, dull little town. . . .

His instinct to make for London had been correct. He had made rapid progress. Never afraid of work, he flung himself into the business of forging ahead, glorying in the sense of achievement, in the building of his life.

Time was his enemy: the days were too short for all the things he wanted to do. His letters to Evelyn became shorter and less frequent. One day he would go back for her. In the meantime, it would be foolish indeed not to take advantage of the fact that his employer's daughter found him interesting.

When he married Miriam, he did so with no illusions. He was marrying the business. In a year he was a director. In three years, ignoring the protests of his father-in-law, he controlled the company. Today the company didn't exist any more. It had been swallowed up in the vast expanding balloon of his enterprises. His father-in-law was dead, and Miriam was virtually a pensioner. She had all the money she wanted—on condition that she left him alone.

Usually she was submissive, but sometimes she made vague little gestures in his direction; like her latest letter, for instance. He pulled it from his breast pocket, and read it again.

It was a silly, pleading little note. She was lonely. Wasn't it possible for them to talk it over? Perhaps they could try again?

He crushed the letter in his fingers and thrust it back in his pocket. What on earth had they in common, except an unhappy marriage . . . ?

THEY were leaving the suburbs now, and entering a new industrial estate. He was relieved to find that they would not be passing the district where Evelyn used to live.

He had thought for a long time over that letter to her, written on the eve of his marriage. In the end he made it brief and factual. There was no point in attempting to wrap the brutal thing up in excuses. Better that she should have it straight.

She never replied, and for a while he had put the thought of her out of his mind. And then, as the years went by, it had crept back, and he began to realize that never would he be totally rid of it. Always, waiting to be answered, was the question: "What happened to her?"

For Carter never tried to minimize what he had done. He knew that Evelyn had loved and trusted him in a way that, for such a girl, could come only once. He knew that, in discarding her, he might well have destroyed her as a woman.

He twisted in his seat, and swore at the evil chance that had brought him back to this town. He resolved to get the thing over with as quickly as possible, and get away: back to London; back to his office block, with its swarming staff and respectful executives; back to his flat in Regent's Park, comfortable, impersonal, reminding him of nothing.

The car drew up and, as the driver opened the door, Carter stepped out and stood surveying the little factory, thankful to find his mind slipping automatically into its trained groove. What he saw was a neat building, new ten years before but now showing signs of wear. Not enough to put by for maintenance, he thought ironically. There wouldn't be, in the circumstances. Well, the price would come down by that much.

The receptionist had obviously been told to watch out for him. She said brightly: "Mr. Harold is waiting for you, sir."

"Who is Mr. Harold?" Carter asked.

"Mr. Harold Everest, sir."

Carter's lip curled as he was led along a corridor. He had only contempt for these little family businesses, flabby and inefficient, based on fellowship and personal relationships, with their considerations of individual problems. That was what made them soft and easy targets.

His own executives, he knew, hated his guts but he paid them so highly that they dared not leave him. They would lay down their souls for him, and frequently did.

Harold Everest was young, barely more than twenty. He stared at Carter with eyes of cold dislike.

Carter said: "Do I understand that I am to discuss matters with you?"

"I was instructed," the boy said, "to welcome you."

The inflection, the hint of a sneer, was unmistakable, and Carter found his spirits rising. Usually, when he was on an errand like this, obsequious politeness was the order of the day. At least the barely-concealed fury of this youngster had a certain dignity.

He said: "I would rather dispense with formality and get on with it."

"My father won't be long."

A few minutes later Charles Everest bustled into the room and introduced himself, apologizing profusely.

"Terribly sorry to keep you waiting, Carter. I've had to go and see the widow of one of our foremen. Very sad. Poor fellow died quite unexpectedly and left her with practically nothing. Naturally I've had to see that she's all right."

"Why?" asked Carter.

"He'd been with me for over fifteen years," explained Everest.

"Nevertheless, in the event of my buying your company, I cannot undertake to honour any financial arrangement you may have made."

"I shouldn't dream of asking you to do so," Everest said, looking bewildered. "It is a personal obligation."

"If I can see your books, then," Carter said, looking pointedly at his watch.

"Of course. I'll get our accountant in."

"I don't want an accountant. Just fetch the books."

Everest hesitated, and then went out. His son said conversationally: "Does everyone jump when you tell them to?"

"Yes," Carter replied, stating a fact.

"How nice for you. I suppose your own staff will sit up and beg, too."

Pretty nearly, thought Carter. He said: "I

Continued on page 32

Carter heard a soft voice call his name. He turned, almost unbelieving

Dazedly Carter took the slim hand extended to him and heard her say quietly: "It's good of you to come"

ILLUSTRATED BY BATCHELOR

Lillian Sholes, daughter of the inventor of the typewriter, using an experimental machine in 1872

Miracle in your office

by KEITH ELLIS

At the mere touch of the fingertips typewriters can now produce foreign languages, music and scientific data

After opening the doors of business life to

ONE of the contestants in a recent edition of the television show *State Your Case* was a dumpy, bright-eyed little woman called Lily Pavey. Her task was to show the judges why the company running the programme should present her with £100. Lily's case was that she needed the money to secure the British, German and United States patents for a new kind of typewriter that she had invented.

A former variety artist with a passion for music, she had thought of the idea while working as a copy-typist in a London office. *If only I were typing music!* she dreamed. And then: *Why can't I invent a machine that types music?* That evening she persuaded her employer to lend her £6 to take out a provisional patent.

Years of work followed. For financial and mechanical help, she buttonholed anybody whom she thought could be of use to her. She put an early effort on show in the Lion and Unicorn Pavilion of the Festival of Britain. She appeared in B.B.C. Television's *Inventors' Club*.

Finally she perfected a mechanically sound machine. It can build up any musical note by superimposing a stem and a tail on a "blob." It places the note on the right line or space by a series of eight shift-keys.

Lily failed to persuade the judges in *State Your Case*, but a wealthy viewer sent her the money for the patents and later gave her £1,000 to set up a company which will convert orthodox typewriters under an agreement with a manufacturer.

Lily Pavey's music typewriter is just one more indication that the typewriter is the most versatile office machine ever invented. Although its basic form has barely changed since the first World War, it is capable of infinite modification. Harold de Raeve, the home sales manager of a well-known typewriter company, says: "Nowadays a typewriter does more than type letters. It's looked upon as a machine that does half a dozen different jobs—jobs that it was never designed for."

Today there are typewriters that can type phonetically in languages unknown to the operator; typewriters that can chatter out whole phrases at the touch of a single key; typewriters actuated by electrical impulses or punched tape that can record the results of continuous scientific experiments at the rate of ten to twelve characters a second.

For firms which want to flatter their clients by sending out individually typed letters, there is a machine which cuts the equivalent of a pianola roll. This one roll can "play" up to four electrically operated typewriters and produce four originals simultaneously. The process can be repeated as often as necessary.

Because of this versatility, Britain's typewriter factories can barely keep up with the demand. In 1956 they made 267,000 machines worth more than £10 million. Almost £4 million worth of these were exported. They included the products of purely British firms such as Imperial, Oliver, British Typewriters, and Byron Business Machines as well as typewriters manufactured by the British subsidiaries of such foreign companies as Remington, Underwood and Olivetti.

Part of the success in export markets is due to the wide range of foreign type-faces available. One British manufacturer makes keyboards for forty different languages, extending from Greek to Siamese. For those languages which are written from right to left, like Hebrew and Arabic, the whole machine is modified. Recently the same firm had an inquiry from a missionary organization which wanted ten typewriters for transcribing parts of the Bible for the Eskimos. It discovered that the Eskimo language is written in shorthand-like characters and is now preparing an estimate for the cutting of a special type-face.

In English, specialized keyboards are available for authors, doctors and engineers. A chess magazine ordered a typewriter fitted with symbols representing chess pieces. Sometimes, a type-face is cut specially for one buyer. When King George VI was visiting a typewriter factory, he mentioned that he had difficulty in reading notes laid on the table while he was standing up

Scientists use a twin typewriter. Reports are typed with a normal keyboard, and calculations are made using a keyboard with symbols

Lily Pavey invented a machine which types music. When she told of her idea on TV a viewer gave her £1,000 to set up a company

women, the typewriter soon became an indispensable office machine. Today about a million and a half typewriters are used in this country

to make a speech. An official showed him a type-face designed for parsons reading sermon notes in the pulpit, but the King said that it was too small. Another type, designed for display work, was too big. "I'd like something between the two," he said.

Shortly afterwards the manufacturer sent the King a typewriter fitted with a specially designed type and, wherever he went, the King took it with him for his speech notes.

Making typewriters is one of the most highly skilled mass-production operations in modern industry. A standard model has about two thousand parts, some of them machined to a tolerance of seven-tenths of one-thousandth of an inch. Many of the parts need precision adjustment by individual craftsmen, and for this reason no two typewriters, even of the same model, are exactly alike. The minute differences in the work they produce are as incriminating as fingerprints and occasionally help police in poison-pen and forgery cases.

In spite of the typewriter's durability, adaptability and overwhelming general usefulness, some people believe that it can still be improved by altering the keyboard.

Experts differ as to whether Latham Sholes, originator of the "qwertyuiop" keyboard, hit on the arrangement of these letters by chance when he made his first successful machine in 1873, or whether he designed it to separate as widely as possible type-bars carrying letters making up common affixes like "im," "un" and "ed," so avoiding clashes and possible jams at the writing point.

But they agree that the "qwertyuiop" has two great failings. In present-day typewriters, a rearrangement of the type-bars has placed together the very letters that Sholes meant to keep apart. They do in fact cause jams with less-than-perfect typists.

Also, the present keyboard makes typing more difficult than it need be. It gives too much work to the left hand because the most frequently occurring letters—e, t, a, r, s—all lie on that side. Particularly, it gives too much work to the weakest finger of all, the left-hand little finger, which has often to operate the shift-lock and back-spacer as well as some letter keys.

Six months ago, the British Treasury started its own tests on a keyboard devised on logical principles by Dr. August Dvorak, of Washington University.

After six typewriters had been adapted at a price of a few pounds each, instructors at a civil service typing school trained themselves on the new keyboard. They then taught six girl volunteers. The girls are now working in various ministry offices and four more girls are being trained.

"It's too early yet to be positive about the results," says a Treasury spokesman. "But preliminary indications suggest that we shall be able to cut down on the time allotted for training." He adds that there is no difficulty about the Dvorak girls changing jobs. If they move to another ministry they simply take their typewriters with them.

Although the first typewriter patent was taken out in 1714 by an Englishman called Henry Mill, the first practical commercial machine was developed by Latham Sholes, postmaster of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a century and a half later. He and two associates had spent the previous six years producing thirty unsuccessful models. After much hard salesmanship they sold their thirty-first effort to a firm which manufactured guns and sewing-machines.

At first there was widespread prejudice. But gradually typewriters became accepted. Mark Twain, Rider Haggard and Henty used them. Buyers demanded operators for the new machines and the company trained girls whom they "sold" with the typewriters. Other companies began making typewriters, and in 1886 the first showroom opened in London.

At first, typists used only two, or at the most four fingers. But in 1888 Frank E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake City, announced that he had taught himself to type with all his fingers and had memorized the keyboard. He claimed to be the fastest typist in the world, and challenged all-comers to a typewriting contest.

A Cincinatti typing teacher called Louis Taub accepted. Taub was a convinced four-finger man and held that it was unnecessary to memorize the keyboard. In the contest McGurrin beat him easily. And so touch-typing was born.

In Britain, the typewriter aroused even more prejudice than in America. Queen Victoria would sign only manuscript State documents, and even Gladstone insisted on longhand. But the main opposition came from men who resented the invasion of their offices by women. These typists were threatening the livelihood of male copyists. They were intriguers and trouble-makers.

Ultimately, two things cured the prejudice: the typewriter was much more efficient than longhand, and typists were cheap. By 1915 the government employed six hundred girl typists. It now employs more than 35,000.

Manufacturers agree that the most significant postwar development is the advent of the electric

In a typewriter factory Pamela Orton fits the key tops. The average machine has approximately two thousand parts

typewriter. A mere touch on a key brings into play a power-drive which then goes on to type the character. Other keys actuate mechanisms for returning the carriage, rewinding the ribbon, setting margins and repetitive back and forward spacing.

Electric typewriters produce an even impression no matter how ham-fisted the operator, and they give up to twenty carbon copies against the manual machine's seven or eight. Most important of all, they are much easier for the typist. One enthusiast worked out that in an average day the saving amounted to one mile in hand and finger movements and the energy required to raise two tons through a foot.

Not surprisingly, a girl who had been used to an electric typewriter refused a better-paid job in another office until the employer agreed to replace his old-fashioned manual machine. He then discovered the electric typewriter's one disadvantage—it costs three times as much as a standard. "The people we have to appeal to," says a typewriter salesman, "are the girls in the offices. Indirectly, it's they who buy typewriters."

THE END

The angry man

Judy was all he had to show for his wasted years. Now, in a few seconds, the

JOHN LYMAN was angry the day he upset the boat. The anger had first shown itself when he'd shoved back from his desk, saying: "The summer's gone. Wasted!"

"Not wasted, John," Doris had said gently. "It's been good for all of us."

"But not good for my work," he'd said bitterly.

Out of that, his anger had grown, an anger filled with hostility and resentment. However, Doris had laughed and kissed Judy and had said to both of them as if nothing were wrong: "You two be careful with the boat while I'm gone."

A tall, spare man, barefooted and bare to the waist, Lyman stood on the veranda of the lakeside chalet, watching his wife drive away. She was going to the village to shop. Frowning, he laid his pipe on the veranda rail; but he smiled faintly as Bingo, his old dog, hobbled over to sniff at it. Coming to sniff at the pipe, he knew, was Bingo's excuse to be near him, and he patted the shaggy, greying head. Then, remembering his unfinished book, he asked Judy hopefully: "Isn't there something you'd rather do than go sailing on our last day here?"

Judy stopped wiggling her bare, brown toes and frowned up at him. "Must we go home tomorrow, Daddy?"

"Yes," he answered, "school begins on Monday, you know."

She sighed deeply. She looked very small in her swimming costume, and quite frail. Bingo nudged his hand, and he thought how he had had the dog longer than he had had Judy, who was almost nine. And he remembered that Bingo had been his dog even before he had met Doris, who had been eighteen then and was now twenty-nine. For eleven years she had tried to be as old as he, and he had tried to be as young as she. Now, in his anger, he wondered despairingly if their love was worth the years of trying and so often failing.

They had met when Doris came as a student to the college where he taught. She had walked into one of his lectures, a fresh, lovely girl with laughter in her eyes. One day he had found her in the college grounds, petting Bingo, and she had said he was a beautiful dog. Actually Bingo was a big, ugly brute. Doris had said that Bingo had character. He laughed and told her what a lazy good-for-nothing Bingo was, with lady friends all over town. Then she had laughed, too; and, listening, he had known that she was what he wanted.

On their wedding day, she had declared she would give him a houseful of rowdy sons who would make him forget his books and fill him with laughter. But she had succeeded in giving him only a tiny, premature daughter, whose chance to live at birth was almost zero. But she had lived.

Judy was speaking to him now. "I can't think of anything else I'd rather do than sail," she said. And John felt his angry resentment grow.

He was a poor sailor. Doris was probably right, he knew, when she declared that he was always so preoccupied with his book on early Greek art that he let the wind and the boat take advantage of him. Today, however, he was preoccupied with his anger when a gust of wind flipped the light boat over.

He went under and knew panic, not for his own safety, but for the safety of the child. Under ordinary circumstances, she swam very well, but this was no ordinary circumstance. Breaking through the water, he looked wildly about for her.

He saw the boat first. It had swung to the right, the red-painted keel glistening in the sun. Then, to his left, he caught a glimpse of Judy's bright hair. In her terror she was fighting the water, gasping and screaming.

Calling out, he swam to her. She came up, sobbing, and he put an arm about her and held her close. She clung to him like a thin, frightened animal, and he could feel her terror as something alive and insane. Suddenly, he wanted to shout for help, too, although he knew there was no one to hear. And he wanted to fight against the water with all his strength. But he forced himself to remain calm.

"Don't cry, pet," he said gently. "We're all right."

He stood there, treading water and holding her close and talking quietly. At last, she heard him; and when he felt her arms relax, he laughed and said: "We'll never hear the last of this from Mother."

She laughed too, then, and asked: "Where's the boat?"

He finally located the red keel far to their right. "It's running away from us," he said.

Alone, he might have caught up with the boat and let it carry him to safety. Lifting his head, he saw how far they were from shore—almost a half-mile—and again he felt a cold clutch of panic. But he said smilingly: "Think you can hang on, while I swim?"

She laughed again and put her arms about his neck.

Clinging to him, she seemed very light at first, and he told himself he could do it. Swim a hundred strokes; then float and rest a while. After the third rest period, she seemed to have grown astonishingly heavy.

He was too old for something like this, he thought—now he had lost count of the rest periods. He was not up to it physically. He had always preferred books to sports. And now he wondered if he had not spent too many hours of his life by himself, studying, writing, teaching. Too many hours of wanting nothing more than his pipe, his dog and his books. A great weariness filled his body and despair gripped his mind.

He wondered what it would be like to die at forty-nine. He wondered what would become of old Bingo. And of the pipe he had left on the veranda. He wondered how long it would be before Doris would laugh again and he knew how foolish it was to be angry because a book had not been written.

"Daddy," Judy asked, "is our boat lost for good?"

"Oh, no. It'll wash ashore."

"And will we sail it next summer?"

"Of course. And probably upset it again."

She laughed, and he swam on. When next he lifted his head, he saw they were quite close to land, but as far as he was concerned, it did not matter. He had reached a point where he could no longer make any forward progress.

"Now," he said, smiling, "I'll race you to the cottage. I'll count ten—give you that much start. No looking back. I promise I won't start till I've counted."

Excitedly she struck out on her own. John closed his eyes. His legs were lead weights pulling him down. The water covered his chin, his mouth—and then his feet touched bottom.

At last, exhausted, he crawled out on the dry, hot sand.

"I won!" Judy cried as she ran towards where he lay. "I've been to the chalet already."

He looked at her. Knobby knees, skinny arms and legs—he had been like that when he was a boy; blonde hair, blue eyes—that part of her was Doris. Then he knew that, if he had drowned, it would not have mattered much. But if Judy had drowned, he and Doris would have been lost and the whole pattern of the world's future would have been changed.

Suddenly he knew why he had been born into this world. Not to write a book, but to father and protect this child.

"Here comes Mother!" Judy cried and went racing away.

Somehow he managed to stagger to his feet and follow her. "Daddy and I upset the boat," he heard Judy say laughingly. "Then we swam a race to shore, and I won!"

Doris's startled eyes met his. Instantly, without being told, she seemed to know what had almost happened to him and Judy and she sank down on the chalet steps.

Dropping down beside her, John took her hand in his. "You were right," he said gently. "It has been a good summer." And, when she stopped trembling, he kissed her. THE END

by FRANK BENNETT

e would steal her

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

Steveny (left) helps with the unloading of a new batch of fruit from a refrigerated wagon at Chelmsford. Because stone fruit is highly perishable speed is all-important in his business

Robert Steveny scours Europe for market produce—and the hazards of weather and women's whims make him a . . .

Gambler with our food

by JEROME HOOD

At a retailer's shop Steveny looks at peaches he imported from Italy. Once, when icy weather damaged the peach crop, he drove a hundred miles to an "unknown" Italian valley full of them

At four o'clock one morning, Robert Steveny walked briskly into Bishopsgate goods train depot, London, inquired about several railway-truck loads of peaches that had just arrived on the Zeebrugge ferry, and was directed to a siding. Then, boarding the first truck, he began a quick examination of the trays of fruit.

The peaches were arranged fifty to the tray and Steveny noticed immediately that the trays seemed warm and some of the fruit discoloured. Inspecting the refrigeration compartments on each side of the truck, he found the ice chambers dry. He jumped down at once and ran to a telephone box.

The shipping agent's manager, who arrived half an hour later wearing a pyjama top instead of a shirt, was apologetic.

"Those ice chambers should have been re-serviced at Zeebrugge," Steveny told him. "I can't guarantee the keeping quality of the fruit now, and I'm not accepting the consignment. The peaches are all yours."

There were several tons, worth thousands of pounds, and the extent of the calamity was too much for the manager at that hour of the morning.

"After more telephone calls," Steveny says, "directors of the company arrived. In the end, I agreed to sell the peaches for them on commission, and started repacking the good ones into new trays. It was useless sending them far, so I dismissed the long-distance lorries that were waiting and sold most of the stuff cheaply at Covent Garden. Barrow boys bought most of the fruit."

Robert Henri Jacques Steveny, a forty-six year old Belgian, is one of 140 Covent Garden fruit and vegetable importers who, between them, bring into this country nearly £200 million worth of produce a year.

Because the produce is so highly perishable and there is rarely time to rectify errors of judgment, most importers specialize. Steveny's specialities are lettuces, new potatoes and stone fruit.

British home-grown lettuces finish at the end of October. Between then and May nearly six thousand tons of lettuces are imported from Europe. Each year in the growing season, Steveny travels to Belgium, Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain, meeting growers and inspecting the fields. For each vegetable crop he has to know the quantity of seed sown, the amount of fertilizers used, the quantity of rainfall and the variations of temperature.

"There are so many incalculable factors controlling supply and demand in this business," he says, "that a specialist must at least provide himself with the known facts. The weather still leaves plenty of room for guesswork."

Early one January, a sudden rise in temperature in southern Europe brought heavy rain and halted cutting in the lettuce fields. Steveny's suppliers in the south of France—the largest of three main co-operatives into which French lettuce growers are organized—managed to cut and pack a consignment of five thousand crates before the deluge started.

As the consignment rolled across France Steveny was in touch with his suppliers twice a day. Rain was falling heavily and more was forecast.

"At that time the market price for lettuces was twelve shillings per crate of twenty-four. I knew the market would soon dry up and that I had the last consignment. The weather was cold, so my stock would keep. I hung on to it and waited for the signal from the south of France. The day rain stopped there, I sold. The lettuces fetched £1 a crate."

During the lettuce and new potato season Steveny is rarely in his home at Purley, Surrey, after four o'clock in the morning, and seldom back before seven at night. If unfavourable weather has produced soft lettuces, he is out by 2 a.m. to meet the Dunkirk shipments. Lorries

Continued on page 38

THE MASK

by STUART CLOETE

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

It was war, a battle for survival. But still there was time for love—and jealousy

Sybella picked up her sewing basket. "You have waited too long, I think," she told Simon

SIMON rested his gun on a big, flat stone and fired. The Kaffir threw up his hands and fell. Now, if they had any sense, they'd charge before he could reload. . . .

This was South Africa, 1854. All over the north the Kaffirs under the two rulers Mapela and Makapan had risen in rebellion. Simon van der Berg, a young artist and pioneer, was the only survivor of the first treacherous attack. Now, with a young girl, Mina, and her infant brother, he was trapped in the bush. Hostile Kaffirs encircled them and, though the rifle grew hot in Simon's hands, the ring was gradually tightening.

Unknown to Simon, Schalk Fourie was outspanned nearby. The year before, on his way north, Simon had stayed at Schalk's farm. Since then Schalk had given up the farm. A hunting accident had hideously disfigured his face, and now, wearing a leather mask, he was living the life of a *trek-Boer*, a wanderer of the veld.

And Schalk was not alone. His beautiful daughter Sybella was with him—hoping that in the north she would again meet the young artist who had won her heart in the days he had spent at the farm. In long months of travelling Sybella had heard much of Simon, but their paths had never crossed. She had no idea that at last he was so near. And in such danger. . . .

The Kaffirs did not charge, but fired a volley which passed overhead. Simon shot and reloaded again. Another man fell, but there were too many of them. Another volley, a rush, and it would be over.

FINAL INSTALMENT

Ambush In The Veld

IN his camp, Schalk was thinking of the big bull giraffe he had shot yesterday. The skin had been dragged in by a pair of yoked oxen and would soon be cut into long twenty-foot driving whips. His son Jan, big enough now to use a gun, was out watching the cattle and horses graze. Sybella was sewing, mending her father's and brother's clothes. Her mind was on Simon, her love.

There was the sound of a shot. Sybella said to her father: "Someone is hunting near us."

Then there was a fusillade of shots.

"Hunting," Schalk said. "That is not hunting. There are too many guns. Get the horses."

He took his horn from his belt and blew two sharp blasts. The picture—the pastoral scene of sewing women, of lazy men lying on the grass—was changed by the shots and call of the horn. Jan drove in the stock.

"The saddles!" Schalk shouted. "The guns!"

In five minutes they were all mounted, armed, and galloping toward the sound of the firing, which had intensified. There were single shots followed by volleys. . . .

"They are coming," Mina said.

The Kaffirs who had ambushed Simon a mile away were now much closer to their prey: they were closing in fast, leaping above the grass like dogs hunting. Simon shot again and hit another man. He went down screaming, which checked his companions, who again did not take

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advantage of the shot to rush the little hill. Simon reloaded.

Mina reached towards him and pulled the knife from his belt. "Now," she said, tearing open the neck of her dress. She pressed the staghorn handle of the knife into Simon's hand. "Now," she said, "kill me. Then kill my brother and escape."

Then she heard something behind her: the galloping of horses; the thud of their unshod hoofs on the hard ground; the shouts of men. Five horsemen passed them and swung in an arc between them and the Kaffirs.

The men opened out, riding a few paces behind each other. They were led by a man in a leather mask. Two coloured men and a bushman followed him, and a boy brought up the rear.

As they swept between them and the Kaffirs, they fired. For an instant the Kaffirs stood and returned their fire. One man threw a spear. Then they broke and fled with the horsemen after them. There were more shouts, shots, cries of agony, and the little cavalcade turned back.

Mina was in Simon's arms, her hand still gripping his hunting knife by the hilt. Simon disengaged himself and went to meet them. "You were just in time, *Meneer*," he said to the masked man.

"We heard the shots," Schalk said. "Follow us. Our wagon is not far away."

Simon had changed so much that Schalk did not know him. Simon lifted Mina and her little brother Jappie on to the horse's back and led him. They followed a game trail through a protecting veil of scrub and trees. There was the camp, a great giraffe skin spread out on the veld ready to be cut into *reims* or whips, the white tent of a wagon.

Still dazed by the fight and his rescue, Simon looked at it. He said: "That is Schalk Fourie's wagon. I know. I painted it."

Schalk said: "You—you are Simon van der Berg?"

"I am he," Simon said.

"By God," Schalk said, "this is good. To save a man is good. To save a friend is better."

Sybella came towards him. Sybella. The girl who was his heart's desire, whom he had been going south to find and claim was here and in his arms.

But—Schalk? Why was he disguised, masked, as if in the wilds of the Waterberg were some masquerade?

"*Meneer*," Simon said, "the mask?"

"*Ja*, my young friend, the mask. I have no face. It was bitten off by a wolf."

"*Meneer*," Simon said, "God has certainly afflicted you."

"God has also rewarded me," Schalk said, "in permitting me to save your life."

Simon said: "It is war. The dead lie piled by their smoking wagons at the drift. Herman Potgieter and his people have been murdered by the Kaffirs. This I have seen with my own eyes, so there must be more, others of which I know nothing. This maid's mother is dead, and her friends. She is alone in the world today—orphaned and alone."

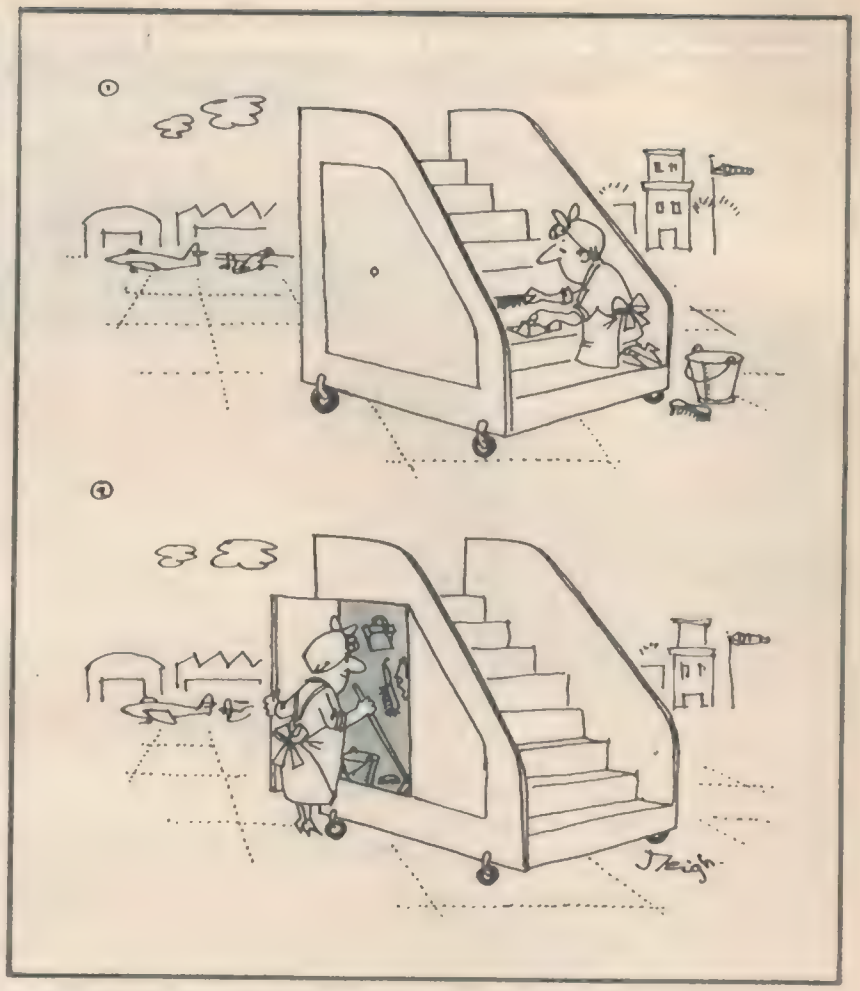
"Not alone," Sybella said. "For now she is one of us, one of our people, if she wishes to remain." She put her arm around the girl's waist.

Thus they stood, the dark and the fair, with the little boy between them. "Come," Sybella said to Mina, "come eat, and I will give you clothes." They were much of a size, and both loved the young man who stood shifting his feet before them.

Simon was embarrassed. He knew suddenly that he loved them both. He thought of the night he had held Mina in his arms, of the way she had drawn his knife and pushed it into his hand. Giving him her life had made this change.

And then, finding Sybella, his first love, at last, he found his heart divided, torn between them.

Schalk put his hand on Simon's shoulder. "*Jong*," he said, "blood will flow. The dead cry out for vengeance. The Lord hath said an eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth, but here



a hundred will surely die for one. A thousand for ten. Truly, those that raise the wind shall perish in the whirlwind. . . ."

It was war. Men and boys were saddling up all over the north. Fathers with their sons and grandsons—burghers from sixteen to sixty and some even older and younger—were leaving their farms, their stock, their wives, children and mothers to the old men, the youngest boys and their servants to defend.

Riders galloped from farm to farm across the empty vastness with the news, and in answer to the call the men came drifting in, in ever larger numbers as the converging tracks joined each other. They rode silently. Only the shuffle of the trippling horses' unshod hoofs broke the stillness of Africa. Only the long low dust of their passing marked the land.

Buck got up in front of them and stood for an instant before bounding away, but not a head was turned. No shot would be wasted on game. The silence must be unbroken, the surprise complete. . . .

The Kaffirs were jubilant. Mapela had wiped out the party at the drift. There had been loot—working oxen, guns, ammunition, blankets, stores and the iron tyres stripped from the wheels.

Herman Potgieter, one of the great Boer leaders, was dead, his head stuck on the point of a stake by the royal kraal. Fifteen of his party—all hunters and fighting men—were dead, and Mapela's biggest fighting force, four hundred warriors, was advancing on the Boers. His orders were to destroy them before they assembled in strength. Piecemeal destruction should not be difficult.

It should not have been difficult, but it was. The warriors found and fell upon one of the parties of white men, not more than sixty strong, which had been trekking so silently across the veld. In a furious fight the Kaffirs were cut to pieces. The fight became a rout, and only a handful found safety in the hills. . . .

Negende, the witchdoctor, was not easy in his mind. He watched two crimson-breasted shrikes in a thorn bush working on their untidy nest of grass and twigs.

Blood, he thought. *Aaie*, there had been much blood spilled already, but it had not all been white. There had been complaints. His medicine had not been effective.

And now he had this news which had not yet reached King Makapan. His army—that was to have cut the Boers to pieces—had been destroyed. When Makapan learned this, and it would be soon, he would be called upon for further explanations. *Aaie*, the way of a witchdoctor was hard.

Now that the warriors had failed, there was only one thing to do. He would have to show the king the sacred caves in the mountains which only he and his fraternity ever visited. The caves were vast caverns in the limestone where strange things lay—the bones of men and beasts among ancient smoke-blackened hearths under wall drawings done before men, as Negende knew men, had come into these parts from the north.

Then there was the snake, the white python that was the emblem of his power. It must go with them. Food must be taken, and water. The caves must be stocked for a siege. Just in case again. He could not face the future, the possibility of failure, for the plan to drive out the Boers had been his.

He had said: "Let us invite Potgieter and his friends to a hunt and kill them. Let us watch and kill any out upon the roads by subterfuge. Let us kill the outlying farmers, and then, as the Boers collect in small parties for their revenge, let us catch them a few at a time and destroy them."

Aaie, all this had been agreed to, but in one thing they had failed, one vital thing. He had said: "Always attack before dawn, after the fashion of our race. And let us do our work with the weapons of our race—the assagai and the kerrie. Do not let us use guns." But some had used guns, waiting till it was light enough to see to use them, forgetting that Boers had many more guns and could use them better.

This was where they had failed, and where he, ancient in wisdom, was

HEALTH—I

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Seneca

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wiser than the *indunas*, the captains, the chiefs and princes who were enthralled by the new and abandoned the old in their bemusement. If they had fought before dawn with spears alone, things would have been very different.

Suddenly he heard shouts from the kraal and the loud shrill crying of the women, their intolerable lament for the dead that pierced the silence like a spear. *They know*, he thought. *The news has come.*

He stood up, his withered form unwinding itself from the ground with a rattling of the bones, shells, skulls and dry skins that were his garments. First he must get to his hut, put on his full panoply of office, and gather his followers. Also he must get the snake. With the white python draped about his neck and loins, no man would dare to touch him or blame him.

A little later Negende, followed by his assistants dressed in their full panoply of horror, approached the royal kraal. Makapan was sitting in his royal chair.

"Welcome, false prophet," he said. "Welcome, false counsellor. Welcome, snake, who comes draped in snakes."

Negende affected surprise.

"What is this, oh Makapan, lord of the mountains, father of ten thousand? What are these words I hear?"

"Our warriors are defeated," the king said. "Our men are bleeding or dead from the guns of the white men, and you say 'What now?'"

"Listen," Negende said. "Had the war been fought according to my commands, the Boers would all be dead. But since it was not, since your captains fought the white man with guns instead of spears, this is my counsel."

"Speak," Makapan said.

"All is not lost," Negende said. "Now we must go to the cattle kraals and dig up the grain stored in pits beneath their dung and carry it to the great caves in the mountains. *Aaie*, carry grain and water and there wait to be besieged."

"Nor will we enter," said the king, "for the place is bewitched.

"That is true, oh king, but I, Negende, have already dealt with the spirits who there abide, and have tamed them. There is no reason for fear. I, Negende the doctor, have spoken. These are my words." He sat down.

The king rose and spoke. "Let it be done as Negende says."

In two days it was done. First the food and water. Then the people, with their cooking pots and mats and blankets, all carried by the women. The men with their spears, kerries, shields and guns formed a guard about them. Defences were run up, and scouts posted to bring news of the Boers.

The Boers now met and formed a single company. Already their Kaffir enemies were dead in their minds. With their heads high they rode over the veld, eating up the miles that separated them from Mapela.

Schalk and Simon were with the group that made the first contact with the enemy by almost riding into a clever ambush; for the Kaffirs, instead of choosing a narrow neck or valley which would have been carefully reconnoitred, had concealed themselves on a wide front in long grass and bushes.

As the Boers rode through them, the Kaffirs let them pass and then sprang up from behind. Two men were killed and one wounded. Simon had an assagai pass through his shirt, grazing his skin, and his bay stallion was slightly wounded in the near quarter and began to bolt. But Simon soon pulled him up with his heavy bit and swung him around to join in the charge the Boers made at the Kaffirs who, having fired their guns and flung their spears, now fled into the surrounding thickets of scrub, where they could not be pursued.

Two days later they came upon Makapan's force drawn up in battle array. All the Kaffirs wore their plumed head-dresses and capes. The captain and his chiefs had tiger-skin earpieces and tails, or strips of tiger-hide kilts that swayed as they jumped forward to the attack. The Boers withdrew without firing a shot, to lead them into more open ground, and then, wheeling, swept them with their fire.

The survivors bolted, making for the mountains, and the Boers rode into the village, to find it deserted. No one was left. Women, children and old men all were gone—even the dogs and chickens had disappeared.

The Boers fired the village. The dry thatch caught quickly and the fierce flames soon reduced the mud huts to heaps of smouldering ash.

Schalk, who had hunted near here, said he knew where the Kaffirs were hidden.

"Where are they?" the commandant-general said.

"In the caves in the *berg*. There are great caves there, many hundred yards long and very wide. That is where they will make their stand."

Riding in loose extended order, the Boer army moved on over open country until they reached a long gully that ended in a steep incline.

There Schalk pulled up his horse and pointed to the dark opening of a cave that was partially masked by bush and a low stone wall. With their spyglasses the Boers could see new defences of little walls, trenches and piles of bush strategically arranged. They saw armed Kaffirs scurrying about and knew that they had found Makapan and his people. This would be where, like a wounded lion, the last of the tribe would stand at bay.

All necessity for haste was now over. Some Boers galloped forward to pin down the enemy with desultory fire, but the rest of the Boers dismounted, off-saddled, left their tired horses to graze under guard and strung themselves out in a thin line across the veld, which here, in this wide *kloof*, was almost devoid of cover, so that no Kaffir could creep up upon them and take them unawares.

Before long the wagons came up and were laagered—wagon-tongue to wagon-bed in a great defensive circle.

The organization was soon complete. It was decided that to attack the Kaffirs would be too expensive of life, so the plan was to invest the caves and starve them out.

Guards were mounted near the caves, from which an occasional ill-aimed shot was fired. Others were stationed at the wagons, while the remainder of the Boers sat smoking in groups with their backs against the scattered boulders, or lay outstretched, sleeping on the grass with their guns beside them.

Soon the cooking fires were sending up their thin ribbons of blue smoke, and the smell of roasted meat and coffee filled the air. It was a great military picnic of three hundred men, enlivened by the company of half a dozen women and girls. Except for an occasional shot, the scene was one of peace.

Day after day these scenes repeated themselves. The Boers resting, content in the knowledge of what was to come. But in the caves the Kaffirs became daily more desperate. . . .

SYBELLA looked up at Simon as he came towards her and then looked down at her father's shirt, which she was mending, letting her long black lashes lie over her cheeks.

She felt him sit beside her, so near that his forearm brushed her skirt. Only then did she look up and into his eyes.

He said: "Sybella?"

"*Ja*, Simon."

He pulled a drawing-book and pencil from his pocket and said: "I want to draw you."

"You mean you want a picture of me?" Sybella said. "You have waited a long time."

"Long enough," Simon said. What

HEALTH—2

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H. D. Thoreau

he wanted to say was: *You have changed. You are a child no longer. You are the woman I was coming to court and carry off.* But the words did not come to his tongue.

Sybella picked up her little sewing basket, got to her feet and said: "You have waited too long, I think." She wondered how to get away before she was overcome by her confusion and, slipping past him, she climbed into the wagon, leaving Simon, pencil in hand, on the ground below her, sitting beside her empty chair.

Ten days passed. The Boers became restless with inaction. Simon was restless for another reason. He did not know why Sybella was avoiding him. He did not know that she was jealous of Mina.

Mina, too, was ill at ease. One day, unable to bear the confinement of the camp any longer, she stole out into the veld to seek the wild flowers that were her joy.

Simon, who had been passing the time of day with one of the cattle guards, saw her and, feeling she should not be out alone, followed her at some distance, unseen by the girl.

Without his meaning it, somehow the distance between them was reduced. And, rounding one of the small folds in the rolling country, he came upon her.

"Simon!" she said.

"*Ja*," he said. "I followed you, but did not mean to disturb you. I felt it was not safe for you alone."

The girl laughed. He thought what a lovely laugh she had and how seldom he had heard it, for the sorrow of her bereavement still pressed upon her.

"Oh," she said, "you're still intent on saving me? Once is not enough?"

Simon laughed too, and put his arm around her slim shoulders. She came nearer to him.

Without knowing it, guided by some unseen force, they were moving toward a narrow opening between some heavy scrub. It ended in a little open patch of fine grass. They sat down upon it.

For both a dream seemed to be answered, and neither looked farther than this. Each knew a strange sense of security unknown a few minutes earlier, each knew that a strange bond, the man-and-woman bond, had been tied.

At last Mina smoothed her hair and pulled up her *kappie*, which hung by its strings from her neck. They looked at each other, kissed, and began to retrace their steps. When they had gone a little distance, Mina turned. "I forgot my flowers," she said, and ran back to pick them up.

After that, every day, at some prearranged hour, they would move toward the copse from different directions. This spot daily became more beautiful to them. They thought that the same doves cooed over their heads, that the same tortoise met them on the little path they had tramped over the veld, that the same *steenbok* stared at them unafraid with its great black liquid eyes from the tall grass where it had its form.

For each the Kaffir war had ceased to exist. They lived in and by their love. Time had no meaning or value to them. It was just something to pass till they met again. . . .

In the meantime, within the darkness of the Kaffirs' caves, death came nearer every hour. Not an hour passed without a death. Only the strongest now survived, and these, the proud warriors of a few weeks ago, were now leaning on their spears to stand.

The grain stored in the great Kaffir pots was almost done. The polluted water stank. The dead lay everywhere.

Negende, the witch-doctor, alone seemed unchanged. He could grow no thinner, no more desiccated. He was like a leather thong that was animated with evil life.

Sekuni, one of Negende's leading assistants, had found a crack through which a man could crawl and gain the hillside near a deep, hidden gulch that led to another cave where Negende and the doctors before him, for no one knew how many years, had stored their ivory and the more sacred garments of their profession.

A plan began to mature in Sekuni's head. He sought Negende out and drew him aside.

"Well," Negende said, "what is it? What news have you?"

"There is a way out of this place which I know," Sekuni said. "You and I and two others will escape, capture a white man so that we can make new medicine, and depart thence into the north among the Bavenda, who, knowing our reputation, will be glad to give us refuge."

"There is wisdom in your words," Negende said. "I have taught you well—you will be my successor. We will take the snake and go. *Aaie*, we will go, but how shall we capture this white man?"

"Oh, father, when we get out I will lie still in the bush till one comes near. They walk everywhere, having nothing to fear while they wait for us to die. I will promise him riches — the elephant's teeth in the cave. And there the others will set upon him."

"You have spoken well. Go, Sekuni, make your plans."

So Sekuni went ahead with his plan. And the white man he met was Simon van der Berg.

Simon was out with Franz, one of Schalk's servants, when he heard a sound in the bush near him. He raised his gun. They were six hundred yards from the cave, in a kind of ravine where he hoped to find a duiker.

A voice cried to him: "Do not shoot, I surrender."

"Come out," Simon shouted. "Come out or I fire."

A Kaffir crept out. Lean, emaciated as a greyhound, he could only just stand.

"Lord," Sekuni said, "I bargain for

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my life. I will show you elephants' teeth. A cave full."

"If you can show me, it might help you, but I make no promise."

"I will do it," Sekuni said. "I will take the white man's word."

"This may be a trap," Simon said.

"It is no trap."

"Nevertheless I will tie you," Simon said, and undid a *reim* he had round his waist. He tied the man's hands behind his back and handed the end of the line to Franz.

"Now," he said, "if you try to escape I will shoot. What is your name?"

"Sekuni," the man said. "Sekuni, the chief assistant to Negende the witchdoctor."

Simon pushed him in the back with the muzzle of his gun. "Lead on," he said. "If there is a trap, you die."

They went up the gully. First Sekuni, then the servant with the *reim* in his hand, then Simon, bringing up the rear with his gun at the ready.

In his heart Sekuni was laughing. Oh these white fools! There was ivory ahead of them; five hundred or more elephants' teeth, some so great that a single man could not lift them without difficulty. But also there was death.

In the cave of tusks the killers were concealed and, when this young fool went forward, as he must to examine these hidden riches, they would fall upon him from behind. Then they would have him and any food he had on his person—for the Boers generally carried some biltong with them—and his pipe and tobacco, and his gun. There would be one white man less, and new medicine from his blood and parts to ensure their safety. For medicine, like everything else, lost efficacy when it was not fresh.

The gully ended in a small *krans*, or incline, which was easily climbed. Then they followed a little path that seemed to disappear suddenly into a hidden crevice. Then it opened up again into a passage between two walls of rock, and there before them was the entrance of the cave. All around the walls, safe from the weather, stood piled tusks, some taller than a man.

Magtig, thought Simon, *so he did not lie.*

As if he knew what the white man was thinking, Sekuni said: "Lord, I did not lie." But the young fool did not go near the tusks to examine them. He stood in the light in the centre of the cave.

UNAFRAID of guns, conscious of his own powers, Negende now crept forward like a snake. Since Sekuni's plan had failed, he would take over. All he had to do was hold this man's attention while the others struck.

The witchdoctor's accoutrements of strung tortoise shells and jawbones, the skulls of birds and animals, the pieces of skins which formed his cloak, the half-stuffed python which dragged out behind him, all helped the illusion of his serpentine approach. They were bound to fascinate and hold the attention of this young fool.

His eyes blazed almost yellow in his wrinkled face, beneath the great snake head that covered his own shaven head. He advanced hissing and writhing through the grey dust of the cave. All his power was concentrated on his victim, all the power of his ancient body. All his knowledge was in his eyes, eyes that pierced the man before him like spears, holding him pinned in the tracks of horror.

Like a snake prepared to strike, he gathered himself together, getting his skinny legs beneath him as if they were coils. Then suddenly, like some terrible jack-in-the-box, he straightened up, raising his arms above his head, flexing his wrists and pointing with both his hands at the white man in front of him, so that the ruffle of stinking skins he wore about his shoulders expanded like a hood.

But, to Negende's horror, Simon paid him no attention. Instead he swung to the right, firing one shot. Then, jumping back, he fired another to the left.

The two assassins who had been creeping up on Simon fell screaming to the ground, torn to pieces by the buckshot that struck them in their bellies at close range. The servant jerked the *reim*. Sekuni fell, and with one blow Franz drove his knife into his heart.

For a second Negende paused as if frozen by his own impotence. Then he dived, escaping like a *dassie* through a narrow passage between the tusks. Simon reloaded both barrels of his gun with care. Then, hardly looking at the dying men who lay writhing in their blood, he said: "Come, Franz. Let's leave this place."

They went back to the laager and Simon sought out Paulus Kruger. Kruger, a young field cornet from Rustenburg, was a man Simon much admired. If he lived, Simon thought, he would go far.

"So you killed three of the old witchdoctor's men," Kruger said. "*Magtig*, that is good, *Jong*. It is a pity he escaped, but with him gone they will lose heart. And now lead me to the cave. I must see what you have seen."

That evening Kruger addressed the Kaffirs from behind the Boer lines. "It is over," he said. "Negende, your doctor, has fled. Three of his servants who also deserted you in your extremity are dead.

"Come out," he shouted. "Come out and give up. Save yourselves, for we will kill none but the guilty—the leaders who led you into war and death."

And in the morning they came out. A few leaders were among them and they were shot.

Makapan had escaped, none knew how, but his son was taken. In all one hundred and fifty were left alive in the cave. Fifteen hundred dead were found, and left to the hyenas and jackals and rats that would descend upon this carrion to feast when the Boers had gone.

It did not take them long to go. The wagons were unlaagered and the oxen inspanned. By midday they were off. Their job was done here. The Philistines had been smitten. A hundred eyes had paid for every one. Now they were off over the veld to deal with Mapela. . . .

Mapela's scouts watched the Boers advance. The white men came slowly, irrevocably moving forward—a long caterpillar of wagons surrounded and protected by armed mounted men. At night they laagered, taking every precaution against surprise. Their lack of haste was an indication of their certainty.

Mapela knew of Makapan's defeat, of the destruction of his town and the annihilation of his people, and withdrew his tribe on to a high *kop* which could only be reached along a narrow neck from the south. He fortified this neck with stones rolled down from above and packed into walls. He dug trenches, offered sacrifices and waited. His captains were convinced that no man could take the neck, that they could defend it.

Mapela had brought his hoarded grain—mealies and Kaffir corn—his goats and cattle to this spot, where he was going to stand at bay. There was a small pan on the mountain fed by a spring. They could be starved out, he knew, but it would have to be a long siege.

The long-delayed rains were bound to come soon, and then the Boers would be eager to return to their farms to plough.

Makapan had been defeated but Makapan's warriors were, Mapela considered, less bold than his own. Makapan's tribe was more numerous and his food supply had been inadequate.

AT last the Boers were visible on the plain three miles away. They halted and laagered. A screen of mounted men rode toward the *kop*. They rode around it and then, seeing that there was only one approach, which was strongly defended, they returned to their camp.

The next day there was more movement. Six wagons were placed across the neck, just out of gunshot, and blocked it so that the Kaffirs would be unable to make a sortie.

Long-range shots were exchanged without effect, and though it was war, both sides behind their lines lived at peace, apparently undisturbed by the presence of the other. The Boer women and girls hollowed out old ant heaps to make ovens in which to bake bread. They sat on chairs outside their laager, mending clothes and gossiping as if they were at home.

Simon spent much of his spare time near the blue wagon with Schalk and the girls. Mina and he spoke little. They even seemed to avoid each other, but he tossed her little brother Jappie in the air and carved him wooden toys.

Sybella and he conducted a kind of flirtation, each saying things that might or might not have more meaning than appeared on the surface.

Simon was profoundly disturbed by Sybella. When he looked at her, her image became confused with Mina. In a way the two girls were one in his mind, their beauties merging, like two streams into a greater river.

He wanted both girls. He loved both girls. The one wanted him as passionately as he desired her, and the other held him off, yet seemed to promise everything. He knew that, if he married Mina, as he meant to do, Sybella, in the end, would fade from his consciousness. But sometimes, now, his desire for her mounted into a madness. . . .

Thus time passed. And one day, while the Boer waited upon circumstance and God to deliver the enemy into their hands, Simon decided to go off by himself and do some more sketching.

Mapela's *kop* rose out of an upper plain in the foothills and he settled down to draw it with his back against a tree. His mind was on Mina, whom he would meet later; on the Kaffirs, and the battle with Makapan that was just over, and he drew almost automatically as a distraction from his thoughts.

Only when he had been working an hour did he concentrate on his sketch, and then stood up in surprise. In the face of the cliff opposite him was a dark line like a fault, running from the bottom of the *krans* to the top.

If that was only a path, he thought. And if it was not a path, what was it?

He got up and moved closer. It certainly looked like a path. Buck had used it—he saw their sign—and baboons. It would be a hard climb, but it might be possible to bold men.

He decided to consult Paulus Kruger and see what he thought about it. But first he must meet Mina.

Mina, in her washed-out pink dress and *kappie*, was waiting for Simon behind the trunk of a big thorn that towered into the air above her. Her

A Song In September

by MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Wild as the outset is the end of summer
When hooligan winds run away with the town.
They tear at the trees and they howl in the gutters,
And whatever is loose they love to knock down;
They whistle at girls and steal them from lovers
Who, trembling or gazing, too timidly kiss,
Jeer at the dandy and break his umbrella,
Spit rain at his collar with a serpentine hiss.
Regardless of headlines, they carry off papers
To read them at leisure on the rim of the earth
Where—such is their laughter, so madly hilarious——
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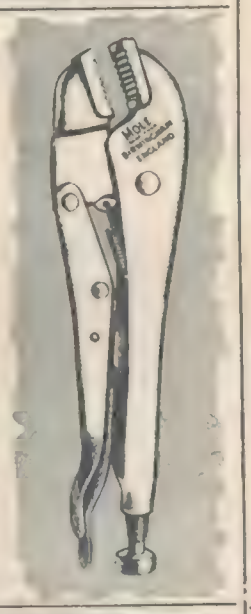

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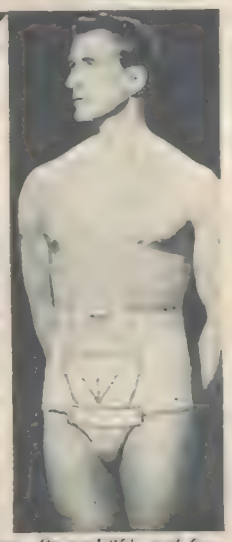

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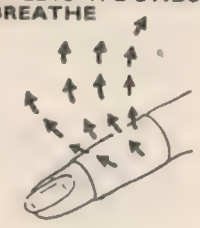

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grey eyes darkened when she heard his soft step.

"So you are here, my heart," he said.

Passing her tongue over her dry lips, she said: "*Ja*, Simon, I am here. I have been waiting, wondering if you would come, yet knowing that you would be here."

"Only death could stop me," he said.

She put her soft hand over his mouth. "Don't say that," she said. "If one of us must die let it be me." She looked up, wide-eyed, into his face. "If it happened," she said, "you would take Jappie?"

"*Ja*," he said.

She smiled happily. "Then I need not worry."

"You need not worry, my heart, for you are young, strong and beautiful, and all this is nearly over."

As they walked, Simon told her that he thought he had discovered a way to climb the *krans* which would enable them to take Mapela in the rear.

Mina stopped. Her hand was on his arm. "No," she said, "that will be dangerous. Just stay where you are and starve them out."

"It may take weeks."

"Let it take weeks then," she said passionately. "What are weeks compared to lives of men?"

"The burghers want to get home to their farms. Their wives may be in danger, their beasts driven off."

Tears filled Mina's eyes. "Danger," she said. "*Magtig*, every day there are new dangers, whole days of dangers, and only hours that we can share."

Simon calmed her with his hand upon her shoulder and pulled up her face to kiss it. . . .

Dawn the next day found Kruger, Simon and some hundred of the younger burghers assembled at the foot of the cliff. They had been there through the night shivering with cold, unable even to smoke. Now, in the grey dawn, they slung their shoes about their necks and, with their guns loaded with buckshot in their hands, began to climb.

Sweating with exertion and fear, Simon climbed behind Kruger. Then suddenly, when they were near the top, he heard a Kaffir shout and the click of a hammer against a nipple. But there was no shot.

He knew at once what had happened. They had been discovered. A Kaffir had shot Kruger from point-blank range but his gun had misfired. He saw Kruger fling himself upon the man and hurl him into the void below.

With the man's scream still echoing, Kruger shouted: "On with your shoes and charge!"

He was already up on the flat top of the hill. Simon found himself beside him. Kruger fired at a Kaffir who ran towards him with a raised assagai. Simon shot him as he reloaded and then reloaded himself.

Now all the party were up. The Kaffirs who had been resting in the huts were attacking them from all sides. More Kaffirs were running up from the neck, but other Boers, climbing over the defences at the neck, were shooting them down as they ran.

The two lots of Kaffirs were now joined in a compact body, which made every Boer shot tell on several men. In half an hour it was over. Mapela's people were no more. . . .

BUT not all the Kaffirs were dead. A few had escaped and were scattered, half starving in the hills, living on roots, wild fruits and such small game as they could trap.

Among them was Sebeli.

Sebeli had long before looked for a way of escape from the *kop* and, after a long and careful exploration, had at last discovered the track that Simon had found. It was more suitable for baboons than men, but Sebeli had decided that one day he would escape that way.

He had not waited for the end, and had not hesitated to take the path down the cliff.

At the moment he was lying hidden in a rock crevice not far from the Boer camp. It was his intention to try to get some food by stealing one of the calves or goats captured from his people.

Sebeli shrank farther into the crevice at the sight of someone passing a little way away. It was a white girl. And at a short distance, another white girl followed. She seemed to be stalking the first, like hunter and hunted.

The first girl was Mina, the second Sybella. Sybella was in a fever of jealousy, having seen Mina go to what she was sure was another meeting on the veld with Simon, and had crept out after her.

Stealthily, Sybella slipped from tree to tree, from bush to bush, behind the girl she was following. Sometimes she was only twenty yards away. Sometimes, when there was no cover, she had to wait longer and make a detour.

From his crack in the rocks Sebeli watched the two girls. Two girls alone, one stalking the other. Then, creeping out, he stalked them both with all the skill of his race.

Naked but for his loincloth, his black skin invisible against the darker shadows of the rocks and bushes, he gained on them fast. There would be no food in this, but revenge and sport. He would kill one, and take the other before he killed her.

In his mind he saw it all. The swift thrust, the dying sob, and then the spring upon a fleeing girl who could offer no resistance.

Suddenly, to Sybella's astonishment, Mina turned back and came towards her.

"Why are you following me?" she asked.

"Following you?" Sybella said. And then giving up all pretence, she asked: "How did you know?"

"Know?" Mina said. "Could I have lived all my life among wild animals, and hunters, and not know when there are eyes upon me, when something is upon my spoor?"

While the girls talked, Sebeli crept steadily towards them. Now, with a wild cry, he rosé, stood poised for an

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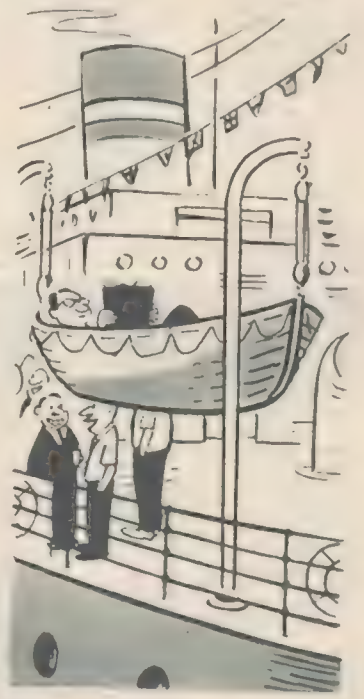

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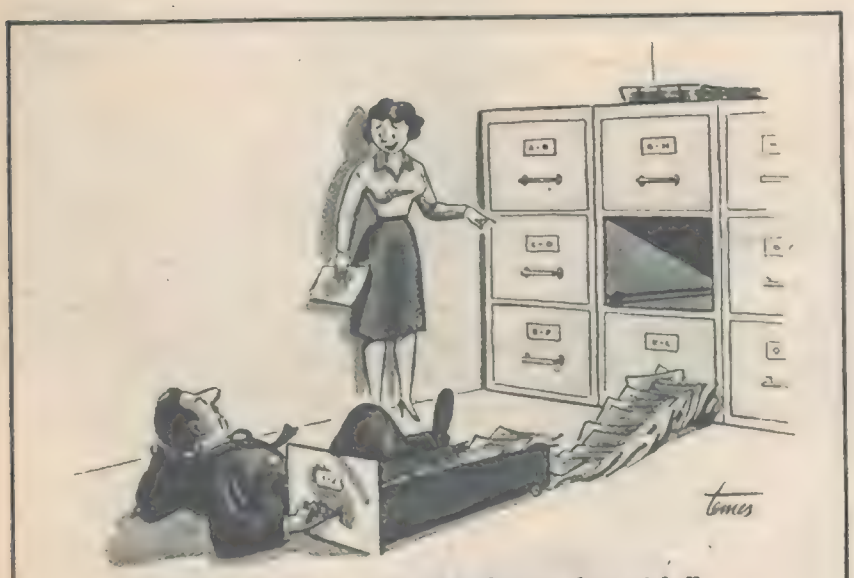

"Then it must be this other drawer that sticks"

instant to fling his spear. The spear was intended for Sybella.

As the Kaffir threw it, Mina flung herself forward. She could not have said what prompted her to do it. It was only that it was her nature to save, even if she died.

Three hundred yards away Simon saw what was happening. He was breathing hard from running. He had been coming to meet Mina. He had seen Sybella talking to her and wondered what to do next, wondered what the girls were saying to each other. Then he saw the Kaffir and began to run. It was still too far to shoot.

He saw Mina fall, transfixed, and the Kaffir seize Sybella's arm. He heard her scream. He sat down, resting his elbows on his knees. He raised his gun.

Two hundred yards, with Sybella struggling in the black man's arms. Six inches out, and the bullet would plough into her soft flesh.

He controlled his breathing, aimed and fired. The Kaffir threw up his arms and fell. Simon leaped up and ran on.

Sybella ran towards him. Pushing her away, Simon rushed toward the Kaffir, knife in hand.

The wounded native was crouched before him, holding his spear short for a thrust. But Simon did not jump him. Instead he ran past him and the spear thrust only tore the shirt on his back. Then he turned and drove his long knife into the Kaffir's back. He lay on his face, his body twisting. The horn-handled knife that Mina had pressed into Simon's hands in that long ago of a few weeks stood out between the Kaffir's shoulders.

Sybella flung herself into Simon's arms, sobbing: "She saved me, she saved me. It should have been me, and I hated her."

Simon looked down at the girl he had been coming to meet so happily. He raised her in his arms. Her long gold eyelashes fluttered, her grey eyes opened wide, and she smiled into his face. She sank back and he thought her dead, but then she seemed to stiffen, as if she was forcing herself to come back.

"Jappie," she said, "you will care for Jappie? I would have him grow up to be a man like you."

"*Ja, ja,*" Sybella said, "we will take him."

"We?" Mina smiled up at her. "*Ja,* it will be we—but the we will not be Simon and me any longer. That we is gone."

Then she died, softly, gently, relaxing like a bloom whose stem is cut. . . .

The Boers began to sort themselves out, forming little groups that would travel home together, peeling off as they reached the tracks that led to their farms, unwinding the rope of their association into finer and finer strands till at last each man found himself alone with his relatives, riding towards his home.

The talk now was not of war, but of rain. Here the drought had still not broken, but each man hoped that there had been a ploughing rain in his district. The men returned as they had come, to pick up their lives where they had left them, and peace returned to Africa.

Simon returned with the men from Schoemansdal, sleeping each night beside Schalk's wagon. Sybella slept within it with Jappie in her arms.

The town rejoiced to see them home. Simon's boys were glad to see him. The boys, oxen and horses were fat with idleness.

At last, after a week of visiting and saying goodbye, Simon and Sybella left with Jappie in their wagon.

They had said goodbye to Schalk. They had stood with the child Jappie between them, each holding one of his hands. They would be married at Aarmbad by the predicant. Then they would journey to the Cape, taking the old road that led past the old homestead, where Sybella would see her mother. Then, when they had visited Simon's father at Constantia, they would return.

In eighteen months or two years they would be back to take up the land Simon had been granted—eight thousand morgen of hunting and grazing veld, with a fertile valley where he could lead water on to his lands. Simon was looking forward to going home, but already, before he arrived there, he was looking forward, too, to coming back. The north, he knew, was where he belonged.

He had been disappointed in nothing, least of all in his bride. They both loved Jappie, a little man already, bold, savagely independent but affectionate. They had no worries about Schalk. He was established now as a leader who had taken the place of Herman Potgieter as a hunter of renown, a man whose counsel was sought by all.

Simon was content, for Sybella had filled his cup of happiness. His memories of Mina had scarred him. His soul would be for ever marked by that experience of love and courage. But what was past was past, and she had died as bravely as she had lived.

Once more they shook hands all round. Schalk kissed his daughter and held her to him. The servants wept and said: "Come back, come back."

Then Sybella and her maid climbed into Simon's wide-tyred wagon. The whip cracked and the wheels turned as the oxen took the strain, with their heads turned towards the south.

THE END

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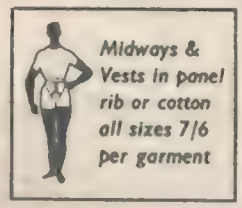

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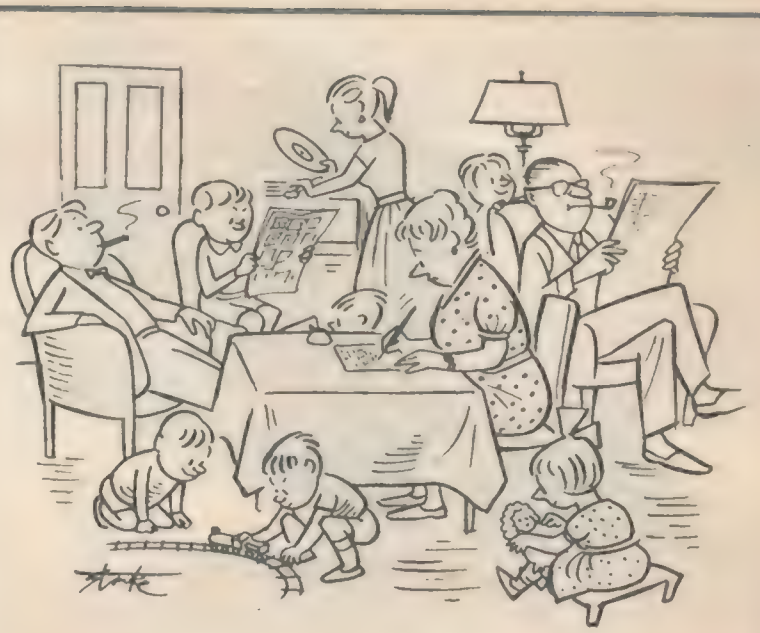

". . . yours truly, Eva Whipplewaite (Mrs.)"

I will come back

Continued from page 17

should tell you, young man, that I have no intention of losing my temper and ending negotiations. Nor would that assist you or your father."

A flush grew on Harold Everest's face, but his eyes remained fixed on Carter's. "My father created this company," he said in a low voice. "Where nothing existed before, he built something; his is a name that's known and respected. By what right can it ever be yours?"

"Surely that has already been proved," Carter suggested, amused. "I can provide a better article at a lower price. As a unit, you are too small——"

"Rubbish!" Harold Everest's voice was hard. "Rubbish," he repeated. "You decided that you wanted our sales and our production facilities. You flooded the area we cover with cut-price goods. You made a loss on everything you sold, but you didn't care, because you could stand it, and you knew that we couldn't. When you've gobbled up Charles Everest and Son, Limited, you'll raise the price little by little, again and again, until you're charging far more than we were in the beginning."

"What a very immoral idea," Carter said. "You oversimplify considerably, and you underestimate the economies possible in a nation-wide organization."

Harold Everest said rudely: "Please save the platitudes. The truth is, you're nothing but a bandit."

"Harold!" Charles Everest stood in the open door, books under his arm, a worried expression on his large, friendly face. "I'm sorry," he said to Carter.

Carter said: "Your son doesn't seem to agree with me."

"There was a certain difference of opinion about your proposals," Charles Everest said, with an attempt at a light manner.

Harold swung round, his fists clenched. "Call it off, Dad," he urged. "Let's fight it out."

"We could try that," Carter said politely. "It would be most interesting."

Charles Everest ignored his interjection. "It's no good son," he said quietly. "There'd only be one end to that."

"Surely it would be better to go down completely. At least we'd have done our utmost."

"That's not the point." Everest shrugged his shoulders wearily. "I have to consider your mother, and your sister. If we give up now, there'll be something left to assure their future."

Carter smiled as he watched Harold's resistance waver and die. Consideration for others was the weak point of people like these.

"I think there is some misunderstanding," Carter said. "I am not here today to buy your business." He paused, watching their faces with calm enjoyment. "I am here to assess whether I think it is worth making an offer for."

He pulled a chair up to a table. "I should like to start," he said, "with your profit and loss accounts for the last five years. . . ."

It was half-past twelve when Carter became aware that he no longer commanded Charles Everest's attention. He said: "What is it, Everest?"

"I'm sorry to interrupt, but it's lunchtime."

"Well, send down for some sandwiches if you're hungry," Carter said.

"My wife is expecting us all home at one o'clock."

Carter slapped his pen down emphatically. "Good Lord, there was no need for that."

"Naturally," Everest said, "we both took it for granted that you would be our guest."

Carter nearly voiced his annoyance. "Very hospitable," he grumbled. . . .

Young Everest drove the big car, and on the back seat conversation withered as Carter sat nursing his grievance.

But then, as they entered a series of tree-lined avenues, he began to fidget uncomfortably, looking out of the window with uneasy attention.

"Not much farther," Charles Everest said, misinterpreting.

"Do you live around here?" Carter asked.

"Yes. It used to be a good district, but the houses are getting a bit old now."

Craning his neck, Carter caught a glimpse of the road name as they swung round a corner. Pine Avenue. Of course! That was it.

THE car slowed, eased left into a semi-circular drive, and stopped in front of a slate-roofed, big, rather ugly red brick house. Carter sat still, staring at the porch, memory creeping back like a pain. He said throatily: "When did you buy it?"

"It belongs to my wife. When her mother died a year ago, we moved in and sold the other house. That gave me a bit of badly needed capital."

He climbed out and, moving like an automaton, Carter followed. His mind was whirling. As they went into the hall, he said: "I should like a wash." He must have a few minutes.

"Of course. Use the cloakroom here."

With the door safely locked behind him, Carter leaned against the wall, trying to get used to the idea. It wasn't really so strange, but. . . .

He began to smile sarcastically. So much for his worries about Evelyn's welfare.

He straightened up, and ran water into the wash-basin. Peering into the mirror, he tried to see his face as Evelyn would see it. He'd changed, of course, but not, perhaps, so very much: beneath the hard expression the face of his younger self could still be seen.

As he dried his hands, a new thought

struck him. This was going to be terribly hard on Evelyn. Without warning she was to meet her first love, rich, successful. Whatever Everest's qualities might be, he was a second best—and, moreover, a failure.

Quite in possession of himself, he stepped out into the hall. Charles Everest took him into the lounge, and gave him a sherry. "My wife won't be long," he said.

Carter felt his nerves tighten as he heard a door close, and footsteps cross the hall. The door opened. Charles Everest said: "Darling, this is Mr. Carter."

It was incredible that the beautiful girl could have grown into this handsome, dignified woman and yet look so much the same. Dazedly Carter took the slim hand extended to him and heard her say quietly: "It's very good of you to come, Mr. Carter."

There was not the slightest tremor in her voice.

She was completely composed. *She's very damn calm,* Carter thought, annoyed to find that his own heart was thumping uncomfortably.

"Where's Carol?" Charles Everest asked.

"She was just behind me," his wife said.

Carol, her dark hair tied in a ribbon, was a little thing about eight years old. Her big eyes belonged to her mother. She directed them now on Carter, and said: "How do you do, Mr. Carter."

Carter wondered what on earth one said to little girls. He nodded stiffly. Carol walked over to her father, and pulled his hand. When he bent down, she said in what she thought was a whisper: "Why doesn't he want you to work any more?"

Everest started to grin, and said: "Time to wash your hands before lunch." He led her from the room, while she protested: "But I've washed them once."

Evelyn said: "Young children have no deceptions, I'm afraid, Mr. Carter. I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not. She's your pet, isn't she?"

"Yes." Evelyn smiled, looking at him. "She was our surprise package, you see. So long after Harold. . . ."

Carter felt an unexpected twinge of envy at her unspoken pride. Then she said: "I think lunch will be ready now."

It wasn't until they were smoking cigarettes with their coffee that the explanation of her utter calmness struck him like a violent physical blow. She didn't remember him. She had not the remotest idea that they had ever met before.

All through the meal he had been vaguely embarrassed by the unaffectedly natural way in which, as a family, they treated him.

There was Evelyn; Evelyn, who so clearly was the creator and focal point of this family solidarity; its fountain head, its source of light and energy.

Suddenly, sitting there, letting their quiet talk go over and round him, he felt in some odd way beaten and defeated. He could make them poorer, but in no real way could he touch them.

He wanted to get away quickly, to have no contact with them, never to see or hear or be reminded of them again.

Abruptly he made up his mind. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I should like to get an early train to London. . . ."

For the sake of appearances, Carter put in another hour at Everest's office scanning sightlessly a series of papers about which he now cared nothing. In the end, he pushed them aside, and said in a flat voice: "It won't do."

There was a silence during which Everest and his son looked at each other. Harold turned away. Everest said with an effort: "You must remember that during the last two years we have been seriously affected by your competition. Previously——"

"No." Carter stood up. "There's not enough in it for me. It's not worth my while. I have decided to make no offer for your company."

Charles Everest said unhappily: "I respect your decision of course, but this will put us in an impossible position."

"I don't think you understand," Carter said. "The market is too small for me. I do not propose to compete with you any more."

Charles Everest's relief was only too evident on his face. Carter said: "My coat and hat, if you please. . . ."

He tried to shake off his gloom on the way to the station, but it refused to budge. Sick and weary, he walked across the platform, and found that his train didn't leave for forty minutes. He began to walk aimlessly about the station. For the first time in his life, he felt the pressure of his years.

A soft voice behind him said: "Edward." Slowly, he turned, almost unable to believe it. Evelyn stood there, smiling up at him. She extended her hands, and gratefully he took them, feeling the warmth of her fingers. A slow joy began to burn in him. He said: "Then you didn't forget."

"I shall never forget."

He led her to a seat, and they sat, turned sideways, facing each other.

She said: "Charles phoned me. I can't tell you what it means to us."

Carter couldn't be bothered with that. He said: "Why did you pretend not to know me?"

Her expression reminded him of the girl who had sat opposite him so many years ago. She said: "When I got your letter, before I knew Charles, it was . . . quite a blow."

Carter said almost inaudibly: "I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. It was a blow, as I say. But then I met Charles. He was very kind. He knew there had been someone else. He knew that I wasn't in love with him, but he married me just the same. It must have been very difficult for him."

She was silent for a few moments. Then she smiled.

"That's all gone. I believe he's forgotten it ever was like that." Her eyes returned to Carter's. "I wouldn't do anything to remind him that—that I wasn't always his alone. It was unkind to you, and I'm sorry. But you do understand, don't you?"

"I'm not sure." Carter was thinking of Evelyn, assured and happy, with her family round her. "How did you make your life what it is? Not loving him, I mean."

Evelyn said: "Charles is kind and good. I always knew that. I tried as hard as I knew how to be as good to him as he was to me. It wasn't long before I found that I was getting far more back than I gave."

"And today?" Carter asked.

"Today," she said simply, "I give thanks to God that I was lucky enough to get Charles for my husband."

Evelyn stood up. "There's your train."

They walked across the platform, and stood by a carriage door. Evelyn said: "Did you marry your girl in the end?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad."

It was typical of her that she would assume that his answer meant that everything was all right. He said: "I'm glad we met again. I've often wondered about you."

"I'm just a dull, small town housewife, and I love it. Goodbye, Edward. God bless you. . . ."

As the train gathered speed, Carter sat in a corner seat, staring in front of him. After a while he took Miriam's letter from his pocket, carefully smoothed it out, and began to read it again.

He read it very carefully this time, trying to understand what her feelings had been when she penned those pleading, unhappy words. THE END

HEALTH—4

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Thomas Fuller

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What is the mystery behind migration?

Continued from page 14

1,167 birds flying to the south-west—the standard direction. The heaviest passage took place in the early morning, particularly during the second hour after dawn.

We recorded by compass the directions taken by the birds, and all the readings lay between 226 deg. and 245 deg., with the greatest amount of movement some 5 deg. either side of 235 deg. This was consistent with the standard direction to be expected of autumn migrants. On a topographical map I plotted the mean course of these readings and I found that such a line, if extended to Meon Hill, followed with surprising closeness the 400-ft. contour of the Cotswolds towards the Bristol Channel. So I carried out early morning watches on Meon Hill and at points farther along the contour line, and here I also collected evidence of considerable passage movements. In 1949, the passage was less spectacular but involved more species. In 1950, some very heavy movements took place. Thus it was clear that the general picture may vary from year to year. Above the plain on which the farm was situated the fly-line was half a mile wide but along the scarp of the hills it narrowed down to only 200 yd.

Most of the migrants were flying over the farm at heights of from 50 to 300 ft. above the ground, but from the top of Meon Hill I could see birds passing level with me or below my position. With a tail wind, birds sometimes passed above the range of vision and could only be detected by their calls. Strong headwinds brought them down close to the ground and this phenomenon has sometimes led to the wrong assumption that, because these winds make birds more easily visible, these are the conditions that they prefer. I was able to see migration on clear, fine days, but it also took place in every variety of wind condition and sometimes in rain. Skylarks, meadow-pipits and chaffinches were the commonest species, and there were many more chaffinches than other birds.

It seems from reports of observers in aircraft that very little migration occurs at more than 3,000 ft., and in the course of 225 hours' daylight flying over the British Isles during the last war I saw only two species—starling and lapwing—above 2,000 ft. Experiments that I carried out with models of birds viewed horizontally showed that the greatest distance at which I could, with any confidence, see a bird as small as a chaffinch was 1,200 ft.; 8 by 25 binoculars added only 400 or 500 ft. to the range. Undoubtedly, therefore, many small birds fly over our heads in the daytime below 3,000 ft. and yet are beyond the range of our vision. In the Midlands I have often heard chaffinches and skylarks calling in the sky, but a careful search with binoculars has failed to reveal them.

We see only a tiny proportion of the migrating hordes, but there can be very few places where, on some days, migration is not visible in the autumn, even if it is only birds drifting slowly across country on a broad front.

In spring the migrations are less obvious, for the birds, eager to reach their breeding territories, waste little time on the journey; in autumn the movements are more leisurely and the numbers are swelled by many young birds. In town or country, birds can be seen making their way south, meeting and overcoming difficulties which would tax the powers of human navigators with all their scientific aids. Looking carefully and critically around us, all of us can see a part, tiny though it may be, of one of the greatest mysteries and wonders of Nature.

THE END

Mister A to Z

Continued from page 9

respectable to hold down *that* job. Obviously, Dr. Bronowski doesn't agree.

One advantage of living in a borderline town such as Berwick-on-Tweed (apart from taking both Scotch and English holidays) is that you can earn a living—or try to—on both sides of the Border. Having walked out of the family business, I did just that: I worked as a freelance for both the North and Scottish Regions of the B.B.C.

My first broadcast was from Manchester, in the North Region's *Children's Hour*. I read an extremely fey short story which I had written, and was paid a guinea. The train fare from Berwick to Manchester was almost £2, so I was well out of pocket; but I didn't eat all day, and counted it more than worth while if only to Get In.

I was tremendously bucked when Wilfred Pickles appeared in *A-Z* and announced that for *his* first broadcast, also from Manchester, he got only half a guinea.

Later, when I Got In north of the Border and started doing *Children's Hour* broadcasts from Scotland, I was very worried by a husky Celt called Moultrie Kelsall who always announced the programme by saying, just as the warning light was flicking on and off, "Now then, you little b . . . . s: *good* afternoon, children!" He timed it perfectly so that the kiddiewinks heard only the words "*good* afternoon, children!" but it scared the daylight out of me.

When you think of the millions of words that are poured into microphones every year, it's astonishing how few real "clangers" have been dropped. There was, of course, the famous "Fleet's Lit Up" incident—and there have been at least two cases of anatomical *double entendre*, where perfectly serious straight talks have taken on a new and quite startling meaning if your mind happened to work that way. The more sensational of these was fortunately recorded and is played over by senior B.B.C. officials whenever their morale is low after reading about commercial TV's growing grip on the nation.

And there was the unfortunate clergyman who, coming to the end of the first broadcast service he had ever conducted, concluded the Benediction with the words, ". . . rest and remain with you this day and for ever more, Amen—I don't think." What the poor fellow had actually done was to pronounce the Benediction and then say to the announcer who was standing near him: "I don't think I was too long, was I?"—and the engineers cut him off at just the wrong moment.

After a few precarious years of freelancing I joined the staff of the B.B.C. in 1936. I joined as a scriptwriter in the variety department in London, and was at once sent to produce features and drama in Aberdeen.

At the outbreak of the war I was in Glasgow, wasn't allowed to join up, and was transferred to London to work on the North American Service. Perhaps I shouldn't admit this, but I was really responsible for the forerunner of all the B.B.C.'s domestic serials: the Dales, the Archers, the Groves, and the rest of them. At that time the United States were not, of course, in the war—and I had what seemed to me a splendid idea. I tackled my boss about it in the only place you could find B.B.C. bosses in those days: a little pub just round the corner from B.H. (It was wiped out by a direct hit in the blitz.)

"You realize," I said, "how crazy the Americans are to learn all they can about the ordinary Londoner?"

"Taking it, you mean?"

"Taking it, certainly," I said. "Also how besotted they are about regular radio serials?"

The boss narrowed his eyes, ordered another pint and said, "Well?"

"Well," I said, "why don't we put out a serial based on the day-by-day adventures of a typical London family—how they're coping with rationing, the black-out, bombing, and so on?"

There was a long pause while the boss drank his beer, and then he said, "You can do it for a trial period of at the very most six weeks—and don't ask for extra secretarial assistance *or* pay."

"Who's to produce it?" I asked.

"You," said the boss.

"Well, then, who's to write it?"

The boss said, "You," again, and put on his hat and left.

So was born this country's first daily radio "family." They were called, to begin with, *Front Line Family*; later, when they outlasted the war, *The Robinson Family*. They ran well over five years, and for the first fifteen months I produced an instalment of the epic every morning, did the administrative work connected with it each afternoon, and wrote another instalment of the beastly thing every evening. After fifteen months the strain became too much, and following some brisk argument with the B.B.C., I walked out and settled down to a more peaceful existence in the R.A.F.

Even before the six weeks' trial period was up, it was clear that my "family" had caught on. Soon the show was going out on all the B.B.C.'s Overseas Services and was being rebroadcast in many different countries.

Listeners all over the world accepted what happened in the daily instalments as an absolutely true account of what was actually going on in London. They not only accepted this, but reacted to it. No matter what disaster hit the family or how heavily the bombs were falling, the "Mum" in the show had a sure-fire remedy: "Let's have a nice cup of tea." Tea poured in from all corners of the Empire in such quantities that Ernest Butcher — who played "Dad"—suggested peevishly that just for a change he might be allowed to say, "Let's have a nice double Scotch."

The faintest suggestion that one of the daughters of the family might be pregnant set listeners knitting like mad things from Hudson Bay to Hobart. And once—mainly because the actor concerned had landed a better job and had asked for his part to be "written out" for a few weeks—I posted the R.A.F. son of the family to Malta. His name in the serial was Flight Lieutenant Andy Robinson, and by a most horrid coincidence a Flight Lieutenant A. Robinson actually did arrive in Malta at that very moment. He had a dreadful time convincing the fans that he wasn't really in love with Dulcie Gray, who was playing his broken-hearted fiancée back in London.

During the war I had my first successful skirmish with the London theatre—as author of the *Sweet And Low* revues at the Ambassadors. After the war, writing for the theatre was—and still is—my main concern and first love. I've had the good luck to have had some hits—like *Castle In The Air* and *Dear Charles*—and the ill-fortune to have had some quite spectacular flops — like *Jonathan*, an allegedly serious piece which played to empty houses for less than three weeks and which I still hotly maintain was the best thing I've ever written.

In 1955 I brought together my theatre and radio-cum-TV interests by writing a comedy called *Simon And Laura*. This took the mickey out of television in general, out of soppy domestic serials in particular, and out of B.B.C. TV producers in even more merciless detail. In both the play and the film version, Ian Carmichael played brilliantly the part of a willowy but intense B.B.C. producer. Ian himself produced for a time on B.B.C. TV, and based his interpretation on a careful study of Corporation "types." It struck us both that, for some time after the first night of the play, a number of B.B.C. producers—especially the tall, gangly ones—kept giving us odd looks.

For all its mickey-taking, however, *Simon And Laura* can't really have offended Old Mother Portland Place—who, despite all that is said about her, is really a remarkably broadminded old girl. TV gave an excerpt from the show when it was running at the Apollo, the film got the usual fawning flattery in *Picture Parade*, and even the old-fashioned steam radio did a weekly series based on the two leading characters in the play. And, while the play was still running in London, I was offered a much more exciting and responsible TV engagement than anything I had previously done: the chairman's seat in *The Brains Trust*.

Typically, I very nearly botched this

WHY?

On April last year Smithson told his secretary that he wished her to act increasingly on her own initiative. He expected to be out of the office a great deal in future and she would have to handle many matters on her own.

Smithson said that he appreciated the extra responsibility and work that this would entail and promised a special bonus at Christmas as a reward.

For the next eight months, his secretary worked harder than she had ever worked before. And her work was good. But at Christmas time all she received from Smithson was the extra pay she normally received at Christmas. There was no bonus.

Disgruntled, she left her job and sued her former employer for her bonus.

"I kept my side of the bargain and did all the extra work," she told the county court judge. "But Mr. Smithson did not keep his. I say I am entitled to the bonus."

But she lost her case.

WHY? *A barrister explains the judge's ruling on page 37*

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before I had even started. I knew that its producer, John Furness, handled two regular programmes: *The Brains Trust* and *Gardening Club*. It never dawned on me that I would be asked to have anything to do with the former, but I had scored quite a nice little success on *Woman's Hour* talking about window-boxes and was quite convinced that I was going to be invited to take part in *Gardening Club* as an authority on the subject.

"We were wondering," said Mr. Furness after we had shaken hands, "whether you might possibly help us."

"Delighted," I said. "I only touched on the subject, which is capable of considerable enlargement."

Mr. Furness looked a little fussed at that, but he persevered. "It's a tricky assignment," he said. "It calls for firm handling, yet at the same time you must allow them a fair degree of freedom."

"The great thing," I said in my most authoritative voice, "is drainage."

Mr. Furness opened a drawer in his desk, brought out a bottle of pills, swallowed two, and said that was something he had frankly never considered in connection with Julian Huxley.

"Huxley?" I said.

"I was talking about *The Brains Trust*," said Mr. Furness.

"Oh," I said. "Fancy. . . ."

With one brief interval, when Hubert Gregg took over, I managed to fill *The Brains Trust* chair for over six months. It was, as Mr. Furness had prophesied, a tricky assignment. I suppose the ideal chairman is the one who says the absolute minimum himself and lets his speakers say what they will within the limits of decency and slander.

In a programme like *The Brains Trust* it isn't as simple as that. Members of the team who were talking happily all through the get-together lunch turn into absolute clams the moment they go on the air; people who never uttered round the luncheon table except to ask Lord David Cecil to pass the salt become afflicted by nerves on transmission and chatter away nineteen to the dozen. The chairman may have to cut short a discussion that could go merrily on for another half-hour; in the very next question, he may have to jolly along a subject that proves unexpectedly sluggish.

WHATEVER he does, he will be in the wrong. Whatever he does, he will receive fiercely abusive letters—mostly anonymous—telling him to shut up, and leave the talking to the intelligentsia on the team. Simultaneously with this sort of letter comes the other type professing dismay and astonishment at the chairman's monumental ignorance.

I once pronounced the Hampshire town of Bosham as it is spelt. An avalanche of letters poured into the B.B.C. asking why for so important a job as *The Brains Trust* chairman they had engaged an illiterate moron. But long before the letters started arriving—less than two minutes, in fact, after the programme came off the air—the Lime Grove phones were ringing. I answered one of the calls myself. It was an absolute sizzler. "I should have thought," said the booming contralto on the other end of the line, "that with the vast sums of money being spent nowadays on education it would have been possible to find *someone* as chairman who was not completely ignorant."

I got as far as saying "I'm afraid I—" when I was nipped smartly in the bud by the contralto. "Surely," it boomed on, "the average child in the average kindergarten knows that Bosham is pronounced Bozzam."

As luck would have it, a few weeks later one of the questions came from a viewer in Cosham. I pronounced this in ringing tones as Cozzam, and there was practically a minor revolution in Hants. Bosham and Cosham are only a few miles apart but Bosham is pronounced Bozzam and Cosham is pronounced Cosham—and *Brains Trust* chairmen are expected to know such things.

The get-together lunch which precedes each session of *The Brains Trust* is usually much more interesting than the actual programme. I wish the B.B.C. would televise it and skip the show. Sunday after Sunday the wit and the argument fairly ripples round the luncheon-table, but by four o'clock in the afternoon it often seems to me that a sort of intellectual hangover has set in. Maybe you've noticed that, too.

Do not imagine, though, that while the aforesaid wit and argument are rippling, I am in any way out of my depth. Not a bit of it: Huxley may be discoursing at length on the peculiarities of the Andalusian two-toed sloth, Bronowski either quoting William Blake by the yard or debating the merits of early Phoenician art with Bertrand Russell: I, too, am right in the thick of it, discussing with the waiter how I want my steak done.

Of all the Brains Trustees whom I have had the pleasure of "chairing," I found Margery Fry the most charming, Lord David Cecil the most amusing, Sir Solly Zuckerman the most terrified, Marghanita Laski the most self-assured, Peter Fleming the most tight-lipped and taciturn, the Warden of All Soul's, Oxford, the most garrulous, and Lady Violet Bonham Carter—with that entrancing smile, those wonderful memories, and the face of an immensely well-bred horse—by far the most fascinating. Lady Violet has an endearing habit of listening with great attention to a discussion, particularly a political discussion, and coming in at just the right moment with some such remark as "I always remember my father keeping Mr. Lloyd George waiting because he was playing bridge. . . ."

And you realize that while the others were only talking about history, Lady Vi has herself been part of it.

"Bruno"—Dr. Bronowski—is, of course, in a class by himself as a *Brains Trust* personality. Or was, until he behaved so oddly over poor Bernard Braden. I know of no one who has such an amazing *all-round* knowledge as Bronowski. If H. M. Bateman were still alive, I feel a very suitable subject for one of his cartoons would be "The Day Dr. Bronowski Said 'I Haven't The Foggiest Idea.'" When you consider that he spoke hardly any English when he first came to this country from Poland, his command of the language is astonishing.

I once asked him how this came about. "Every time I pass the public library near where I first lived in London," he said, "I bless the name of the librarian. When I first arrived in England, I went to him and asked him to give me the books I ought to read, first to improve my English, then to improve my knowledge of Britain, then to improve my knowledge of English literature. And week after week he fed me with exactly the right books. I shall always be grateful."

As well as their encyclopaedic knowledge, regular TV panellists such as Huxley and Bronowski know by now all the tricks of the trade. Huxley, as you may have noticed, has a delightful habit of saying his piece and, as soon as he has finished, swivelling in his chair away from the rest of the panel, crossing one leg over the other, folding his arms, and gazing up to the heavens with an expression which says clearly, "I, Huxley, have spoken: let no dog bark in contradiction."

"Bruno," in the days when we were on the programme together, was even craftier. The second time I acted as chairman he buttonholed me in a corner of the studio just before we went on the air. "I feel it is wrong for me to answer every question," he said. "If I give you a little signal—like this—that means I would prefer not to be brought into the discussion."

It took me a week or two to realize that what the learned doctor really enjoyed was to signal "include me out," allow the three other members of the team to waffle on at considerable length and get farther and farther from the point, and then give me another little off-camera sign asking to be brought in last wicket down to save the side.

He would then put everyone quietly but firmly in their place by saying, "Of course, what the questioner did in point of fact ask was . . ." and then, having had plenty of time to think things out, proceed to supply a quite unanswerable answer.

Characters such as these—Bronowski, Huxley, Mortimer Wheeler, Glyn Daniel—succeed on TV not so much because of their knowledge and experience but because, in addition to that knowledge and experience, they have personality. On TV, personality is much the most important asset of all—whether it's an infuriating one or a lovable one, one that makes the viewer want to heave a brick at the set or sit drooling at a signed photograph.

The biggest TV name in this country, in spite of ill-health, comparatively rare appearances, and such occasional disasters as his Gaiety Theatre programme, is still without a doubt Gilbert Harding. And, as I've said, whatever you think of Gilbert, you cannot say that he lacks personality. There are times when, as a neighbour, I find his personality a shade overwhelming.

"Where," suddenly blasts forth an almighty bellow in my hall, "where is that paltry scribbler, that would-be television glamour-puss, that doyen of the alphabet, that—ah, there you are, my dear fellow: I've come to borrow a little malt vinegar."

By this time Gilbert is centre-stage in the sitting-room and has brushed aside any attempt to introduce him to the vicar and the vicar's wife, who happen to be calling. "I'm not staying, dear boy—I can see you're busy: I shall have a large gin and tonic with a little ice and a slice of lemon, seeing you press it upon me, and I shall tell this charming but doubtless misguided cleric and his good lady a brief and I hope apocryphal anecdote concerning the present Archbishop of Westminster—which incidentally reminds me of two other stories, one about the late Bishop of Bradford and the other about a curate in Hereford who was more than mildly attached to my mother—both of which you must remind me to tell you *after* I have told you the one about the Archbishop of Westminster: ah, thank you, my dear fellow, you are too kind—your very good health, and may I take off my jacket and undo my shirt and could we have that door open because it's extremely stuffy in here and we must enjoy God's good air, mustn't we, vicar?"

Three hours later Gilbert is still centre-stage in front of the mantelpiece and still in spate, having reminisced, entertained, stormed, amused, and provoked as no one else to my knowledge can. And downed a vast quantity of gin. Neither the vicar nor the vicar's wife has got a word in edgeways.

Next morning I phoned them to apologize and explain. "Never enjoyed an evening so much in all our lives," said the vicar. "What a *character*!"

GILBERT is certainly a character. When he was in hospital I filmed a short interview with him for *A-Z*. It struck me that the nurses appeared a little jaded, and even the night sister was showing signs of wear. Among other things, the patient had been complaining bitterly about the noise—the hospital is a famous one right in the centre of London—and when I reported this to Eric Robinson, who for a brief spell had been a fellow-inmate on the same corridor, Eric was greatly amused.

"Noise?" he said. "Let me tell you something. There were forty private rooms along our corridor. Forty patients. At four o'clock one morning thirty-nine of us were sound asleep. You could have heard a pin drop. One of the hospital orderlies tip-toed down the corridor and set down a bottle of milk outside Gilbert's door. It must have made a very slight noise as he put it down, and I think Gilbert must have been waiting right behind the door in the hope that something of the kind would happen.

"Anyway, the door burst open and there he stood, quivering with rage, in that great big long striped nightshirt

WHY?

See page 35

BECAUSE, said the judge, Smithson had not fixed a specific sum as the amount of the bonus, or in any way pegged it to an ascertainable figure. If he had said "a £25 bonus," or "a bonus on the net trading profit," he would have been liable to pay. But a promise of a mere "bonus" was too vague for the law to enforce.

(*This ruling is based on actual cases*)

of his. 'You festering moron,' he screamed at the orderly, 'is everyone in this lamentable institution to be kept awake by your demoniacal clatter?' And so on and so on—until all the rest of us and the entire nursing staff were surging up and down the corridor, thinking the Last Trump was being sounded. 'Back to bed, everyone,' said the night sister. 'It's only Gilbert.'"

Only Gilbert . . . where larger-than-life personalities on TV are concerned, I am afraid it *is* only Gilbert. Yet beneath that rugged exterior there beats a heart, if not of pure gold, at any rate of something that is very easily melted.

He can be as contrite as he can be rude. He has an often awkward habit of falling asleep in the middle of a story, and a few weeks ago he fell asleep during a performance at the Theatre Royal, Brighton. He not only fell asleep, but he snored: and when Gilbert snores, it is a sound that is impossible to ignore. The wretched actors did their best to time their lines so that they came between reverberations, but before long it became clear that they were fighting a losing battle. In the hope of avoiding a repeat performance, one of us decided to tell Gilbert that he had almost wrecked the show. I have never seen anyone so upset. Letters were written, flowers sent, forgiveness begged.

"The last thing I'd have wished was to upset anyone," said Gilbert, his head bowed. "Only it *was* an awful little play, wasn't it?"

Next to Gilbert, and in a very different way, the strongest personality I know is that owned by Sir Malcolm Sargent. In certain irreverent circles, the ever-immaculate Sir Malcolm is known as "Flash Harry": but even those who award him this nickname vastly respect his talent and his energy.

I had an appointment with him not long ago at his London flat. He had just got back from Moscow, and he was soon leaving for New York. There was a tape recorder on one chair and an open score on another. Two secretaries buzzed round him like gnats, and a pale blue budgerigar perched on the top of his head as he dictated. "I'm afraid I'm interrupting," I said. Sir Malcolm took the first of the day's two dark red carnations out of its tumbler and put it carefully in his buttonhole. "In the life I lead," he said, "you would always be interrupting *something*."

The nicest personality I have ever known is someone who, alas, was rarely seen on TV but whose music will go on being played as long as television exists, and probably longer: Ivor Novello. Ivor did more good by stealth than anyone else I know of in show business. He could be ruthless; he was completely intolerant of inefficiency or two-facedness. He never lent money: if someone tried to touch him for a hundred pounds, he would say, "Sorry, I don't do that. I'll give you ten."

One of the first Ensa parties to come to Normandy after the invasion was a company headed by Ivor in the thriller *Love From A Stranger*. At the end of each performance, if there was a piano available, Ivor would get at it and lead the audience in a half-hour's sing-song. I saw him one night in the little theatre in Bayeux, with the audience yelling their heads off over "Keep The Home Fires Burning."

"That was a song I wrote in the first World War," Ivor told them. "Here's one I wrote just the other day: see if you like it."

He had only to play the chorus once for the troops to sing the new number as lustily as they had sung the old. Nobody in the theatre that night had any doubt that another great hit had been born. The song was then called "When You Come Home Again"; later Ivor changed the title to "We'll Gather Lilacs."

Such people as these — Novello, Sargent, Harding, Bronowski — are or were real personalities. In *A-Z* I had the good fortune to meet many more—from A for Arthur Askey to X for X-certificate films (Boris Karloff) and Z for zither-girl Shirley Abicair.

NEXT WEEK: My TV scoop brings a night of panic

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

A FEW years ago I was sent to France to see the world-famous 'cellist, Pablo Casals. Casals lives in the little town of Prades, on the Franco-Spanish border, where he has been an exile since the Spanish Civil War. To keep himself occupied he has organized musical festivals which have made Prades famous.

Casals had invited me to lunch. I had wanted to meet him for a long time, and I decided not to waste time over breakfast but to get to his house as soon as I could.

By the time I arrived I was starving. Casals was playing the 'cello—his regular morning practice.

It was a still, hot day and the music filled the room and the courtyard outside. It was great—even for me, ignorant of music as I am and ravenously hungry as I was. Casals seemed to have forgotten that he had invited me to a meal.

Ninety minutes later he was still playing, oblivious to me and my hunger, but at least by now I could smell lunch cooking. I freely admit that the tantalizing odour distracted me completely from the greatest 'cello playing in the world, and, hoping that it would slightly appease my inartistic appetite, I edged towards the window.

It overlooked a courtyard in which all the livestock of the little farm lived together. Ducks, geese, chickens, goats, were all crowded together. They looked as if they were appreciatively listening to the music, and for a moment I felt a little guilty.

But at last they, too, got hungry and they made more noise about it than I did. Soon there was such a row going on that even Casals noticed it. He stopped playing, rested the 'cello and innocently asked me if I was ready to eat yet.

We ate—a huge, steaming dish of braised beef cooked in the Provençale way and served with tomatoes and olives. It was almost as great as Casals's music.

How to make Boeuf Provençale

Ingredients: 2 lb. rump or topside beef; two onions, chopped; three rashers bacon; two carrots, sliced; two cloves garlic; two tablespoons tomato purée; one glass red wine; one tablespoon flour; seasoning; one tablespoon vinegar; bouquet garni (two sprigs parsley, one sprig thyme and a bay leaf tied in muslin); a little meat stock, oil for frying.

Cut beef into three-inch cubes and place in bowl with seasoning, a little mixed spice, a bay leaf and one sprig of thyme. Cover with red wine and vinegar and leave to marinade for a few hours.

Cut the bacon into pieces, and then fry lightly in olive oil with onions and carrots.

Dry the meat, add to pan and fry till golden brown. Add garlic, chopped, tomato purée and flour, moisten with the mixture of wine and vinegar used to marinade and add sufficient stock to cover.

Bring to boil, cover and simmer gently for two and a half hours. When ready to serve remove bouquet garni and skim all fat from surface.

Gambler with our food

Continued from page 22

will already be waiting to take the stock all over the country, but if the lettuces are wilting Steveny sends the lot to Covent Garden at marked-down prices.

In 1953, Steveny and his French exporter lost £5,000 when a large consignment of nearly 140 tons, in thirty trucks, arrived in poor condition.

"I had seen the lettuces growing a few weeks before," Steveny recalls, "and I was worried about them even then. Rain and a mild temperature had made the leaves big and handsome but without resistance. A three-day journey, even in properly refrigerated trucks, was too much for them."

Although potatoes are not subject to the same kind of hazard, the market has other pitfalls. The icy winter of 1956 brought near famine to the potato market, and importers, frantically seeking supplies, found a bogland area of Holland which had escaped frost. The news spread quickly.

Steveny, making a swift visit to the area, found that an army of speculators had moved in—and there was a buying fever in the air. But, after inspecting the crops, he was dubious about ordering. Many of the fields were given over to varieties of potato that had not proved popular in the past with British housewives. He left without buying. "The wisest thing I ever did," he says.

Shiploads of the potatoes were landed in Britain but, despite the shortage, housewives still objected to the sweetish flavour and refused to buy them. A few weeks later hundreds of thousands of tons were rotting on quaysides. The speculators lost millions of pounds.

Steveny had a cautionary example of British conservatism a few years ago. In Italy on a business trip, he had runner beans with his dinner one night. "It was early May, and it suddenly struck me that these beans would be considered an out-of-season luxury in Britain. They were *bobys*, delicious young beans, small and tender, and, as it happened, very cheap that year. I bought fifty tons and hurried home to sell them."

He put the beans on sale at 1s. per lb. wholesale. There were no buyers. He reduced the price to 9d., then 6d. Despairing, he got in touch with cookery experts, who sampled the beans and wrote enthusiastic articles.

"The beans still didn't sell," Steveny says, "though I came down to 3d. per lb. Nobody wanted them. Housewives were used to big, stringy beans in summer, not little tender ones in early spring. In the end I sold them as pig food at £5 a ton—and I had to deliver."

British conservatism of taste, however, has its advantages. "Foreign exporters know that eating is not a main preoccupation in Britain and that they cannot get away with fancy prices. Market prices here for fruit and vegetables are among the lowest and most stable in Europe."

This sometimes brings the danger of Britain being edged out in a scarcity market. In the cold winter of 1956 great damage was caused to the Italian peach crop, and Steveny, frantically touring the growing areas, feared that he would obtain no supplies. "Practically every peach in Italy had been spoken for, and each exporter had the same story—'Sorry, none to spare for the British market.'"

Steveny gave up and, one Sunday, went by car with an exporter to examine another fruit crop. It was a one hundred-mile journey along rough, badly sign-posted roads, and after a couple of hours they were hopelessly lost. They stopped the car and got out.

"It was then," Steveny says, "that we saw the peaches—an immense valley full of them." The exporter, who thought he knew the position of every cultivated peach in Italy, was astounded. But when they hurried down the valley to examine the trees, Steveny and his Italian friend found that they had not been cultivated for years.

"It was a jungle of peaches. We drove to the nearest village and learned that the land, once part of a large estate, now belonged to hundreds of smallholders who had never sold peaches commercially. There were 200,000 trees completely unknown to the trade—and we had them all to ourselves."

BUYING the fruit was a complicated operation. Because the homesteads were so widely dispersed, a "town-crier" had to be hired to make the rounds. There were no packing, storage or transport facilities. And the peasants, who knew nothing of cheques or promissory notes, were interested only in hard cash.

"So in the end," Steveny says, "the profit was not what we expected. But we didn't do too badly. And the location of the valley is still secret. We might need it again."

A warm summer means good business at the retail end of the trade, but carries its own risks.

"Soft fruit can melt away under your eyes in three or four hours," Steveny says, "and for that reason it's unfair to accuse a shopkeeper of profiteering if he takes a quick profit on a special line. Overcharging on good keeping stock is another matter."

Because of his early rising when at home and his frequent trips abroad—last year he spent nearly six months travelling — Steveny's wife, who is English, sees little of him. Last year, to please her, Steveny agreed to spend a three-week holiday away from business problems. He chose an isolated spot in the Dolomites.

"I warned the office not to reveal my address or get in touch with me except in a matter of the direst urgency. When we got to the hotel two shipping agents and a three-page telegram were waiting for me. I spent only one weekend with my wife. The rest of the time I was looking at fruit."

Steveny's wife is resigned to the urgency, but takes the view that problems become less dire from afar. "She's booked our holiday this year and won't tell me where," he says. "The only clue I've got is that it gets cold at night there. At least there'll be no fruit." THE END

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RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 6d. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated October 26), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, October 12, for early news of Bullets No. 2,109 result.)

POST ENTRY: Bullets 2,109, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

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To make a Bullet, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples on right. To use an incomplete Example, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make Bullet as above.

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At Home
Whoa, Mr. Cousins
Wants The Lot
Our M.P.'s on Holiday, So
Works Well
The Cheering Crowd
Democracy v. Communism
The Guards
In Granny's Kitchen
Whatever You Think
Taking Time Off
Fishy
For The Young
He's A Bighead, So
To Pep Up The Work
Alfie's Cap
The End Product
At Our Band Contest

Incomplete Examples —see instructions

Dictator In The.....
Army Of.....
.....Took One Look And
Hardhearted .....
Wreck Of A .....
..... Of Tomorrow

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.

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OTHER AWARDS: £9: W. Duval, "Treetops," Lynway, Lynton, Devon: OVER THE PRISON WALL—WITH "GOVERNOR'S" *Help*—CHARLES! £8: G. H. Dorrington, 23 Sayesbury Road, Sawbridgeworth: BIG BOSS KRUSCHEV—SO HEARTY—SO HEARTLESS! £7: Mrs. M. Harrison, 10 Hurn Way, Christchurch, Hants: WELCOME, KING FOOTBALL—BUT NOT IN *Streets*! £6: W. H. Dormer, 35 Dovehouse Fields, Lichfield: TITTLE-TATTLE — GOT START — EX-PRISONER DIDN'T! £5: B. T. Chalk, 361 Snarlton Lane, Melksham: TAUGHT THEM A LESSON —DAD'S CAR *Wrecked* RADAR! £5: Miss K. Kaye, "Lynn Dene," 17 Glebe Road, Marsh, Huddersfield: FIRST STEP TO ADOPTION—RUSSIA *Creates* AN "ORPHAN"! £5: J. Stewart, 13 Hillside Gardens, Dean's Road, Wolverhampton: A NICE, CLEAN PLATE—X-RAY—RESTORED MY APPETITE.

1,610 other awards have also been posted.

£750 Tournament Award (for the best First Prize Bullet of Contests 2,101 to 2,104) won by Mr. E. C. O. Petrie, West Kirby, Wirral.

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